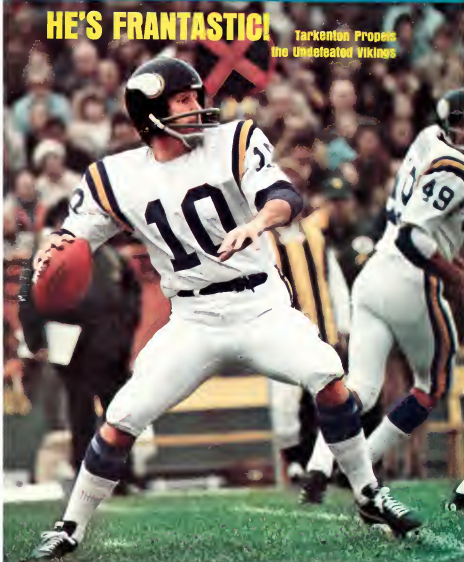


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CHECKING OUT little league football, John Underwood assesses the claim that the fun has gone out of it for the youngsters, with ambitious adults muscling in to make it their kind of game

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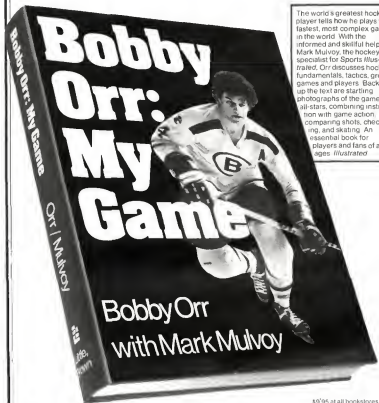
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8:45am	E 11:34am	Non-stop	Daily		9:45am	11:04am	Non-stop	Daily	
9:45am	L 12:34pm	Non-stop	Daily		10:45am	12:06pm	Non-stop	Daily	
10:45am	L 1:34pm	Non-stop	Excl. Sat		11:45am	1:00pm	Non-stop	Daily	
11:45am	L 2:35pm	Non-stop	Daily		11:45am	1:04pm	Non-stop	Excl. Sat	
12:45pm	E 3:12pm	Non-stop	Daily		12:45pm	2:05pm	Non-stop	Daily	
1:45pm	E 4:12pm	Non-stop	Daily		1:45pm	3:06pm	Non-stop	Daily	
2:45pm	L 4:12pm	Non-stop	Daily		2:45pm	4:10pm	Non-stop	Daily	
3:45pm	L 5:04pm	Non-stop	Daily		3:45pm	5:14pm	Non-stop	Excl. Sat	
4:45pm	L 5:36pm	Non-stop	Excl. Sat		4:45pm	6:15pm	Non-stop	Daily	
5:45pm	E 6:10pm	Non-stop	Daily		5:45pm	7:10pm	Non-stop	Daily	
6:45pm	L 6:40pm	Non-stop	Daily		6:45pm	7:16pm	Non-stop	Daily	
7:45pm	E 7:35pm	Non-stop	Daily		7:45pm	7:28pm	Non-stop	Daily	
8:45pm	L 7:45pm	Non-stop	Daily		8:45pm	8:12pm	Non-stop	Daily	
9:45pm	L 8:41pm	Non-stop	Daily		9:45pm	9:58pm	Non-stop	Daily	
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Shopwalk

by J.D. REED

FLIGHTS OF FANCY, INCLUDING A TALL TALE OF A \$700 SPREE IN A KITE SHOP

"Go fly a kite," people used to say, meaning the same thing as "hogwash," a more complicated concept. But these days kite flying requires a realistic checkbook rather than a dreamer's illusions. Some years ago in Central Park a dreamer named Al Hartig test-flew a kite he designed himself called the "National Eagle," and reeling it in found a confused Audubon Society member in close pursuit, bent on saving a wounded bird. Now Hartig and his wife run a back-order business (called *The Nantucket Kiteman 'n Lady*) from a wharfside shop on the Massachusetts island. A rawboned man who wears a bowler and a flannel shirt, Hartig has moved from dreaming to business, and kept both his love of kite flying and his sense of humor.

That is a tall order in a field that used only to attract bored children on summer vacations. For instance, there is a store on New York's Third Avenue selling 288 varieties of kites and the American Kitefliers Association boasts 2,800 members.

In a sport dominated by the long-practiced Japanese and Indians, Hartig is the best of American kite designers and builders. His are not the flimsy paper and balsa Hi-Fliers sold in drug stores, nor are they, ugh, plastic. "The first kite I bought as a grown-up was plastic, and it just fell apart in the wind, like *Earthquake*, you know?" says Hartig. "So I thought I'd make one out of cloth." Now, 12 years later, Hartig has escaped Central Park for the steady winds of Nantucket. In his shop he stocks only three models, and all are based on the delta-wing shape. Made of cotton and polyester, dowels and drapery hooks, they have deep keels and resemble gigantic and colorful paper airplanes.

The "Ace," \$7, is Hartig's basic kite. It has a wingspan of more than four feet and is flyable in even the slightest breeze. Hartig doesn't recommend it for kids under six. The "Valkyrie" is a \$13 6-footer and isn't even to be used by preteens. "These kites are for grown-ups," says Hartig defensively. "We have to play, too." But the acme of the line is the "National Eagle" at \$35. If that seems a lot for a kite, consider the plight of some recent and not-uncommon customers in Hartig's shop. "It cost the four of us \$600 to fly here from New Jersey in a rented plane, plus lunch and taxis," one man said. "So these kites cost over \$700," lamented another, brandishing a handful of rolled Valkyries. Aw, go fly a kite, fellas. **END**

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Gorillas, found in the African rain forest, are the world's largest primates, growing to a length of four feet and a weight of 300 pounds.



Howler monkey in the Amazon forest. One variety of monkey found here uses its "howl" to hear with its ears.



A desolate and dramatic and lunar landscape is this area of the Soviet desert and mountains. One portion of this area is so harsh it's called Buzsai. It's one of the places of its return.



The giant open-mouthed bird in the "wood birds" at the base of the Himalayas grows to 20 feet and is known as the Himalayan. It is accompanied by a hawk, it will simply sink into the water.



The Canyon Ball Tree of the Amazonian rain forest because its fruit are as hard as iron and fall to the ground with a loud crash.



McKinley, the world's highest peak, at sunset. Located in the Himalayas, it towers over 29,000 feet—shown here again as tall as Alaska's Mt. McKinley.



Great White Pelicans found in Africa's Rift Valley. Pouch on back holds up to 100 eggs. Both birds and water and serves as a swamp.



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French novelist Serge Groussard, in *The Blood of Israel* (William Morrow & Company, Inc., \$12.50), has taken the massacre of the Israeli athletes at the Munich Olympic Games as a vehicle for raw sensationalism. The dust-jacket blurb promises that now "The world can consider what it saw and try to understand." In fact, the reader seeking understanding will tear the volume in half after 100 pages, as incensed at the author as at the terrorists.

The work is a soggy heap of stilted interviews, official reports and maddening polemics, all slathered with Groussard's grandiloquent pity, as when he describes the captives' forced walk to the helicopters: "... Halfin, with his thin face and eyes that gave out a strangely sharp dark brilliance, burning with soul; and Springer, the Fighting Jew of every war, the hero of the Warsaw Ghetto, with his remarkable chiseled, kneaded, sculptured face, and that smile of his, just plain unamable, that overwhelmed all the eyewitnesses, a smile eloquent enough to bring the whole world to the faith of Israel."

By contrast, the Arab terrorists are characterized as whining, posturing and animalistic. This turgid style, intended to augment

BOOKTALK

by KENNY MOORE

A REPROOF BY AN OLYMPIAN: IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN HISTORY, NOT HISTRIONICS

the reader's concern and sympathy, is so excessive that after 458 pages it has done the opposite. Any aim of improved understanding has failed. All possible literary or journalistic intentions have failed, destroyed by what seems to be Groussard's incipient paranoia. He includes leering innuendo—for example, that the terrorists had help from some unnamed Olympic delegation. And he intrudes upon the narrative with inappropriate first-person details: old war stories, the route his cab driver took to the airport.

Emotional excess might be overlooked if Groussard came up with some new information, but his research, though voluminous, is stale. The facts he found crucial were already known. The choice of the site for the attempted rescue—dimly lit Fürstenfeld-

bruck air base—was poor. As a result of underestimating the number of terrorists (police had guessed four or five; there were eight), the German authorities assigned only five sharpshooters to the ambush. These marksmen had no infra-red night sights, so were rendered ineffective when the terrorists shot out the lights.

These were blunders. But they were admitted in the report released by the German government. Groussard can find no answers to the important questions. Who planned the terrorists' attack? What was the thinking of the crisis staff as the day wore on? What were the human character clashes that determined decisions under pressure? He can penetrate neither the Palestinian guerrilla movements' web of half-truths nor the Germans' refusal to go beyond official reports. Unaccountably, he rages on, ending with a final hint that Germany had a part in engineering the later skyjacking that forced release to Libya of the three surviving terrorists.

The Israeli athletes and coaches murdered in Munich were exemplary men, Olympians, and behaved that day with awesome dignity and courage. They deserve a far better memorial than this wretched book. **END**

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ART TALK

by CARLETON MITCHELL

THE RESURRECTION OF AN ARTIST BURIED IN AN UNMARKED GRAVE IN NEW JERSEY

James Edward Buttersworth was a fortunate man. Imagine being alive with the eye of an artist and a love of ships during the span of years that included the flowering of the age of commercial sail, the blossoming of towering sloops and schooners impossible to maintain today and bizarre experiences as designers coped with the transition to steam. In every harbor goods and human traffic moved by water in craft of all conceivable shapes, sizes and types. For 60 years—from the 1830s into the '90s—Buttersworth captured the panorama in meticulous detail, yet with a sense of mood and action that lifted his work beyond mere maritime portraiture.

James Edward Buttersworth is again fortunate, now for being revived by another lover of ships and the sea, Rudolph J.

Schaefer. Schaefer's book *J. E. Buttersworth, 19th Century Marine Painter* (Wesleyan University Press, \$75) is the first glimpse we have of the artist as a man, because on his death Buttersworth sank swiftly into obscurity. Not a scrap of written information concerning his life other than official documents has come to light, yet from genealogical records, interviews with descendants and a study of the paintings themselves, Schaefer has traced JEB—his own affectionate nickname—from childhood in England to an unmarked grave in North Bergen, N.J.

Schaefer is himself a sailor, winner of the 1974 Bermuda Race in *Edith*, and more recently builder of a replica of the yacht *Amelia*, which JEB depicted winning the 100 Guinea Cup Race off the Isle of Wight in 1851. Throughout the book text is used sparingly—"descriptive captions," as Schaefer calls them—but there are occasional inserts of historical lore to place a story-telling scene in context. The black and white and color plates, chosen both by periods and to be representative of JEB's output, are astonishingly varied when there is so much sameness in subject matter. What the paintings have in

common is detail in the vessels, and imagination in their setting. JEB was a master draftsman. Each reef point, every seam in the sails, each fast line of rigging is drawn with a clarity to rival the technique of the 17th-century Dutch perfectionist Jan Steen, but some sky and sea effects are reminiscent of Turner. The use of broken clouds with sun shafting through, and contrast of colors to create dramatic effects, seems to indicate that after the discipline required to render the principal subject with F-16 sharpness JEB became intoxicated by the freedom to create. While sometimes the tumultuous skies and cresting seas have slight counterpoint in nature, they heighten the sense of movement, without offending a sailor's eye.

Although it cannot be said Rudy Schaefer "discovered" JEB, the painter—as the soaring prices of JEBs in recent years would attest (they sell in the \$20,000 range)—his investigative reporting and comprehensive illustrative presentation will increase the audience of one of America's foremost marine artists. This is a book for all who respond to the salt spray of a vanished past, a lovely some for armchair voyaging. **END**

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Peter Lamb is one of South Africa's brightest tennis prospects. Not only did he play at Wimbledon, he did very well at the European Junior Championships in Berlin and on the American Junior Circuit.

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Put the facts together and you'll realize we all deserve to play together.

**Committee
for fairness
in sport**



*Published by: G. P. E. Wolmarans
Director, Committee for
Fairness in Sport
P.O. Box 23937, Joubert Park, 2044
South Africa*



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In South Africa more Black golfers play on the PGA circuit than anywhere else in the world.

Golfers from all over the world play in the ten tournaments of the South African PGA circuit. And amongst them are a lot of Black pro's - local and international. More Blacks, in fact, than compete on the American circuit.

So if somebody tells you progress isn't being made in South African sport you can tell them they're ignorant of the real facts. Uninformed opinion prevents South African sportsmen of all races from full participation in international sporting events.

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SCORECARD

Edited by SARAH FILEGGI

BAN THE BULL

The two-year-old ban on blacking out pro football games is due to expire Dec. 31. Renewal, perhaps permanent, is now under congressional consideration, and Rep. Torbert Macdonald's House Communications Subcommittee has been listening to testimony from interested parties. Most interested of all was the NFL's Pete Rozelle, who looked the committee straight in its eyes and said that NFL clubs had lost \$9 million in two years, mostly because of a drop in season-ticket sales attributable to the lifting of local TV blackouts.

"Pure baloney," said an angry Macdonald later. "The legislation is not hurting them one iota. They can't show it. We were given a snow job, not a statement."

In the course of his testimony Rozelle pointed to Kansas City, Miami and Atlanta as the cities with the greatest losses in season-ticket sales and said the blackout ban was the reason. Said Macdonald, "Rozelle failed to mention that Kansas City had a disastrous season last year or that it imposed the blackout on every home game. So the club was totally unaffected by the law last season." Rozelle might also have mentioned that Miami televised only three games, and that Atlanta's record, 3-11, was one of the worst in pro football.

Meanwhile, on their own, two Vanderbilt economists, C. Elton Hinshaw and John J. Siegfried, have used "multiple linear regression analysis" to discredit the NFL's old argument against the blackout ban, which is that live televising of home games will increase no-shows and that the absence of live attendance will adversely affect the demand for tickets, as well as television ratings.

Using 360 NFL games over the 1973 and 1974 seasons, the period of the ban, as their sample data and taking into account the differences in weather and the quality of games, the economists found that "weather and game quality influence the decision to not show up for the game,

but televising the game locally has no significant effect."

Besides, they point out, with what appears to be understated logic, "To demonstrate that the anti-blackout law harms professional football, it would be necessary to prove that no-shows eventually turn into no-buys. There is reason to be skeptical of this because games that are not sold out are not televised locally, thus encouraging ticket purchases."

The NFL may have good arguments for returning to the old blackout policy, but it hasn't come close to convincing Congress—or the fans.

CHIMP CHAMP CHIMPS

A cynic once remarked that no one ever lost money underestimating the intelligence of the American public.

Well, the Atlanta Braves just about did. As part of a program to make "beating at the stadium fun next season," the Braves proposed using a chimpanzee with his own cute little ball, bat and glove, who would sweep the bases in the fifth inning with his own cute little broom.



"The reaction has been unbelievable," said Bob Hope, director of public relations for the Braves, as he announced the shelving of the primate proposal. "We must have had 50 calls; the telephone was ringing all day long with upset season ticket-holders on the other end. One guy called and said because of the monkey he was going to cancel his tickets and he would call four other people he knew and get them to cancel theirs, too."

Charge the error to the front office.

AFTERWORD

Joek Conlan, the former National League umpire who is now a resident of baseball's Hall of Fame and Paradise Valley, Ariz., had this to say when he was asked whether Luis Tiant had balked in the World Series: "He balks every time he pitches with a man on. Not only does he fake with his knees, but he stops two or three times, which is illegal. I hate to say this but I don't know how those guys over there [the American League] could look at that all year and not call it."

BLOODHORSE BLUES

Racing is in trouble on both sides of the Atlantic. A report titled "The Future of Thoroughbred Racing in the United States," produced by Pugh-Roberts Associates, a consulting firm, says that the growth of the industry in the U.S. has surpassed a number of restraining limits—market size, the amount of money fans are willing to spend and the supply of quality horses. As a result, says the report, a long period of consolidation lies ahead, during which the number of tracks and racing days will be brought back into line with the available fans, money and horses. The report predicts that 17 out of 94 tracks will close by 1984—two of the 10 large tracks and 15 of the 84 smaller ones.

In Britain disaster has already struck. There the average cost of keeping one horse in training for a year has doubled in the last three years—from \$3,000 to \$6,000. (The average cost in the U.S. is \$9,000.) Yet the average British purse has remained stable at \$1,500. The situation is so far out of hand that recently, at Ascot, horses worth half a million were racing for \$1,200 in prize money. Furthermore, British owners must pay the government 8% value-added tax on both training fees and the purchase price of fresh stock.

continued

In South Africa White and Black compete for the national amateur boxing championships.

At the 1975 South African National Amateur Boxing Championships boxers of all races competed. Two of the current six South African titleholders are Black.

So if somebody tells you progress isn't being made in South African sport you can tell them they're ignorant of the real facts. Uninformed opinion prevents South African sportsmen of all races from full participation in international sporting events.

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Consequently, fewer horses are being maintained in Britain. Eighty percent of the yearlings purchased recently at the Houghton Sales at Newmarket went overseas. Several well-known owners are reducing the size of their string drastically, and one, Ravi Teikoo, a shipping tycoon who owns a major stable, has announced he will move his entire operation, 55 horses, from England to France, where taxes are lower and purses are higher.

The sport of kings may be getting too rich even for royalty.

STAND-UP JOKE

Possibly for the first time ever, a soccer match has been delayed by laughter. Ten thousand Athenian soccer fans, awaiting the start of an exhibition match between Greek and Chinese all-star teams, had risen and were standing in respectful silence as what they took to be the Chinese national anthem reverberated from the stadium's loudspeakers. The Chinese team on the field, observing all those standing Greeks, also came to polite attention, assuming the Greek anthem was being played.

The rolling in the aisles began when a litigating female voice rose above the unfamiliar music to extol the virtues of the daily use of a local toothpaste.

The Greeks won anyway, 2-1.

PAIN IS THE SPUR

Heel spurs, those devilish little outgrowths of bone that torture athletes, are the subject of controversy. Some podiatrists treat them with cortisone shots, others with heel pads, others with surgery. Some try all three. A recent report to a podiatry association came out strongly for surgery, claiming that while about 40% of the cases could be treated successfully, if slowly, without surgery, the other 60% required the knife. The procedure, the report said, was simple and brought rapid relief with "minimal discomfort."

A contrary opinion holds that such treatment may be O.K. for relatively inactive people, but that for those who regularly engage in vigorous sport—running, tennis, basketball, for instance—surgery is not the answer. "The heel spur is not a disease," says Dr. George Sheehan, a cardiologist who writes a column on running and its physical repercussions for *Runner's World*, "but the result of a defect in the engineering of the foot.

Drugs, shots, whirlpool and minisurgery are palliative measures good enough for civilians and spectators, but the athlete will find that getting back to thousands of foot strikes an hour requires treating the cause and not the effect. The treatment? Control the foot and allow for correct weight bearing. This requires not surgery but a flexible, noncompressible support designed by a podiatrist versed in biomechanics."

WOMAN'S WORLD

An interesting new golf course called Brandermill on the outskirts of Richmond, Va., has been seeded and is being readied for play late this winter. It meanders five miles through what is now a forest of oak, gum and maple but before long will be clusters of town houses, villas and all those other words real estate people call the places people live in.

Although few really worthwhile courses have come out of real estate projects, Brandermill arouses interest for a couple of reasons. For one, it is the work of Sea Pines Corp., the outfit that built Harbour Town Golf Links on Hilton Head Island. For another, the design is by Ron Kirby, who for 14 years was associated with Robert Trent Jones. For a third and perhaps most interesting, the course was designed with women in mind.

Sea Pines made a study of play at its other courses and found that women did 60% of the golfing on them. Usually, the only accommodation made for women is the construction of tees well in front of the men's, to shorten each hole. Rarely is thought given to adjusting the structure of each hole so that women face more or less the same challenges and are required to play the same shots as men.

Kirby set out to change all that. Brandermill, which can play as long as 6,683 yards, will be only 5,141 from the women's tees. If a bunker narrows the landing area for the average male player, there will be a corresponding narrowing in the average women's landing area. If a hole requires a driver and a five-iron for a man, it will demand the same for a woman. And for everyone, the emphasis will be on accuracy over distance.

That done, it's on to the men's grill.

TRIAL BY FIRE

Here is the test:

1. Run 1½ miles in under 12 minutes.
2. Do 80 bench jumps over a pole four inches higher than the top of kneecap.

3. Do 50 sit-ups with a 10-pound weight behind your neck.

4. Do four pull-ups, palms facing out, feet not touching the ground.
5. Do 40 one-legged knee bends.

6. Lying on your side, lift the upper part of your body 20 times with a five-pound weight behind your neck.

7. Do 15 frog-lifts while hanging from a chinning bar—bring knees to chest, then extend legs parallel to the ground and hold for three seconds.

8. Do 10 bar-dips on parallel bars, lowering your body each time until your elbows make a 90-degree angle.

Congratulations! You have just qualified for the U.S. Women's Alpine ski team.

Last week at Stratton Mountain, Vt. seven girls between the ages of 17 and 21 completed the test in one hour and 15 minutes. "This doesn't mean they'll make the A team," said women's Coach Jon Bowerman, who devised the test for his prospects. "We are just taking a measure of their physical condition."

An hour later the girls were playing soccer.

EGYPT O, ISRAEL O

Syracuse telecaster Dave Cohen was doing a sports show some time back and happened to use the old line about a tie game being about as satisfying as kissing your sister. The world news that same night was pretty heavy with stories about the Secretary of State and negotiations going on in the Mideast. Five minutes after Cohen left the air he received a phone call from an irate viewer who demanded, "What's wrong with Kissinger's sister?"

THEY SAID IT

• Ara Parseghian, on the hiring of USC's John McKay by the Tampa Bay Buccaneers, a new NFL franchise: "I am living, if barely, testimony to the abilities of John McKay."

• Tom Apke, Creighton University basketball coach, about having his younger brother Rick on the team. "Well, it's one set of parents I don't have to worry about."

• Orville Henry, sports editor of the *Arkansas Gazette*, on TCU Coach Jim Shofner, whose team has lost 18 straight: "He's such a nice guy. But if they had a Naive Bowl, he would coach both sides."

END

A low distortion amplifier and uniquely designed tuned-port speakers — all precisely matched to give this new Allegro® system incredibly clear, rich, natural sound.

You're looking at the finest stereo system Zenith has ever brought you. And one remarkable part of it is a unique stereo receiver, The Wedge.

Its amplifier puts out 12 watts of power per channel (min. RMS) into 8 ohms, yet total harmonic distortion is held to a low 0.5% or less (Power bandwidth: 40 to 15,000 Hz).

Zenith's Allegro speakers, with a uniquely designed tuned-port, free much of the deep, rich bass that many other speakers trap inside.

And they do it so efficiently that other systems with comparable size air-suspension speakers need amplifiers with twice the power to match Allegro's overall sound performance.

This system gives you the kind of sound you used to find only in expensive component set ups. Pure and full.

You'll hear highs you may never have heard before in modular stereo. Silences so clean, you'd probably not even

know the system was on.

But more than that, The Wedge combines clear, rich sound with a complete array of built-in features.

There's an 8-track tape unit that plays and records in stereo, Zenith's precision Micro-Touch® tone arm to protect records, FM muting, to silence background noise between stations.

A sensitive HI filter that lets you switch off high-frequency hiss. Plus a large, precise tuning meter for more accurate station selection.

Choose from a whole line of Zenith Allegro stereo and 4-channel sound systems, with performance and features tailored to suit your ears.

And your budget.

ZENITH
Allegro

The quality goes in
before the name goes on.®

Model GR596W. Simulated wood
with richly-grained walnut finish.



Zenith introduces The Wedge.

THE BEST OF THEM ALL



He throws footballs at a mattress in his attic, he eats chili before a game, he says what he thinks, and a lot of people do not like the fact that he sometimes runs into remote corners of neighboring states before he connects on another touchdown pass for the Minnesota Vikings. But Fran Tarkenton *is*, and Fran Tarkenton *does*, and whether any of the oldtimers are going to be able to stomach it or not, Fran Tarkenton is on the verge of proving that he might be the greatest professional quarterback who ever drew back an arm.

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Baugh. Graham. Unitas. All that stuff. But Fran Tarkenton looks better right now in his 15th season than ever before. His Vikings are the only undefeated team in the NFL, and he is getting ready in the next 15 or 20 minutes to break every meaningful record available to a passer. And he still hasn't come close to being seriously injured, despite those journeys into the unknown. Also, he



And if he's not, he will be, as Fran Tarkenton closes in on the passing records of Johnny Unitas while keeping his Vikings unbeaten **by DAN JENKINS**

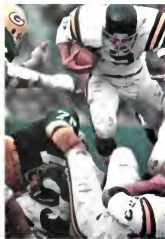
hasn't always benefited from brilliant receivers, and he calls his own plays, and he can see the whole field better than anyone, and he has an amazing touch, and he can throw long and short and medium, and he's a leader, and he doesn't panic, and he can make things happen. But mainly he is going to own all these passing records, and the critics can just shut up.

The fact is, whether you like a scrambler or not, and whether or not you like a guy who throws a lot to his backs, and whether you don't accept a guy who has "never won the big one," Fran Tarkenton is going to become the alltime, lifetime career passer, and you will be able to look it up.

One not so unimportant by-product of what Tarkenton is up to these days is the effect all this is having on the Vikings. When last seen, out there in Green Bay, Wis., they were 7-0 with the best and most confident club Coach Bud

continued





Marinara went over the top against Pack

THE BEST *rumored*

Grant has put together, and looking very much like one of the Super Bowl entries. It might be early for talk of this nature, but who else in the National Conference do you want to get excited about?

Last Sunday the Vikings went into what figured to be their usual physical battle with the Packers, and all Tarkenton did was have the best day he has had all year, and by doing so, kept the Vikings rolling along with a 28-17 victory. Tarkenton did it like this: he hit the first seven passes he threw, he hit 11 of the first 12, 16 of the first 18, and so on like that to finish up with 24 completions out of 30 attempts, for 285 yards and three touchdowns.

It all goes back to his toys in the attic. "In the off-season," Fran says, "I get on my knees and throw 20 or 30 balls a day at a mattress." But you don't scramble on your knees, Fran. "I scramble to keep from getting tackled." But people don't like for you to scramble, Fran. "People like Johnny Unitas," he says.

It isn't easy to get Tarkenton to talk about Tarkenton until he has talked about the Vikings, who have only become a consistently fine team since he escaped from the New York Giant penal colony and returned to them. First, therefore, we must hear about the Vikings.

It may come as a surprise to most people, but the Vikings have subtly turned

into a young team. There are still antiques around, like the defensive ends Carl Eller and Jim Marshall and the linebackers Roy Winston and Wally Hilgenberg, a safety, Paul Krause, and the center, Mick Tingelhoff. Their continued presence is what keeps the average age of the squad at 26.5 years, which is not high compared to, say, the Washington Redskins.

But look who is gone—Gary Larsen, Milt Sunde, Grady Alderman, Bill Brown, Oscar Reed and Mike Eisenfeld, all of them retired, waived, traded or simply not signed. Meanwhile, the new Vikings are being raved about by the older Vikings, and some of them are causing their elders to perform with a vigor defying their years.

The youth of the Vikings centers around five or six guys. In the backfield, for example, there is the combination of Brent McClanahan-Ed Marinara to go along with Chuck Foreman. McClanahan, once he learns to stop trying to run over stadium portals, will be what Dave Osborn was, only swifter, and Marinara is a fine receiver. Foreman, of course, is the first breakout threat in Minnesota since the emigrants.

In the offensive line you have to dwell on John Ward, who was not available last season because of an injury. He can take over for Tingelhoff at center anytime Bud Grant wishes, but currently he starts at guard. Another Mossomer is Steve Craig, a tight end who backs up Stu Voigt and could probably start for half the teams in the NFL.

All this is fine, but most good teams—teams that consistently reach the playoffs—do it with defense, and the Vikings are no different. The fact is that the Vikings could lose an Eller or a Marshall, and both Winston and Hilgenberg, tomorrow, and they might well be better off. Their No. 1 draft choice, Mark Mulaney, a defensive end from Colorado State, is already just a few votes shy of being admitted into the Hall of Fame, counting just the votes from Bloomington, Minn., that is. And the Vikings are absolutely certain that their backup linebackers are better than anyone's, Matt Blair and Fred McNeill, especially.

Earlier last week, after a Viking practice, as he sat in Eddie Webster's Peanut Bar near the stadium, cracking shells, Tarkenton spoke of all the reasons why these Vikings are so improved over the team that disappointed so many

people in the last two Super Bowls. "Depth alone makes us better," Tarkenton said. "I think my arm is healthy. It wasn't last year. John Ward makes us better at guard. Doug Sutherland has developed as a first-rate member of the front four and can stand right up there with Alan Page. Bobby Bryant is back in the secondary. That's a big, big thing. Jim Marshall played all last season with pneumonia. Neil Claiborne is a real find as a rookie punter. McClanahan and Marinara. We've got the six best linebackers in football. Depth. You can't say enough about depth."

Nor can you ever say enough about Fran Tarkenton. He returns an enthusiasm for the game that is unmatched among quarterbacks. For a man in his 15th season, you would expect him to show some signs of wear or scars of battle, or perhaps even a jadedness in his attitude, but he is as vibrant as ever.

"I'm a fan as much as anything," Fran said. "I really love the game. I love to follow it as much as play it. I wanted to be a football player from the time I can remember. Playing a touch game in an alley with just two kids when I was five years old, I knew I wanted to play football." And he has never been too badly injured to be able to play.

"I stay in shape, if that's part of the

Foreman went hotter and yon for 165 yards



reason," he said. "Probably it's luck. I'm physically strong. I have strong legs. Maybe that's helped. Stand-up quarterbacks have stood in the pocket and gotten hurt. I've scrambled, and I haven't. I never scrambled with any design. I was trying to complete a pass, to move the team. But it's interesting. The oldtimers have never accepted me as a good quarterback because I've run out of the pocket too often. All that does is amuse me."

They are not going to accept Tarkenton breaking all of those records that belong to Unitas, either, but he is surely going to break them, and in fewer seasons, and when he does, he will have done it playing on some far worse teams than Unitas ever did, and throwing to receivers who are never likely to take their places alongside Raymond Berry and Lenny Moore.

The two major records for a quarterback to covet are career touchdown passes and career completions. Unitas holds those records. In his 18 seasons he completed 290 touchdown passes and his lifetime total of completions is 2,830.

When Tarkenton left the field last Sunday his lifetime completions came to 2,781. Putting the computer to that, you find that Tarkenton needs only to hit Foreman or Jim Lash or John Gilliam for an average of eight catches a game over the second half of the regular season, and the record will be his.

As for touchdown passes, which might be the equivalent of home-run hitting, Tarkenton now needs only 11 to surpass Unitas after he got his 12th, 13th and 14th of the season Sunday. If you consider that Tarkenton is going to play on a while longer, the world can surely look forward to his becoming the first man to throw 300 lifetime touchdown passes.

So why won't anybody name a candy bar after him?

"People don't like to admit that football teams get better every year," Fran said. "I promise you that athletes today are far superior to what they used to be. There were great players in every era, of course, but the linemen weren't what they are now. Guys today work out the year around. They go to health clubs instead of beer taverns. They're bigger and faster. They're smarter. You don't see linemen with fat bellies anymore."

But what about quarterbacks?

"I think Unitas was the best," Fran said. "But he didn't see the zones and subtle defenses we see. He got a lot of

one-on-one coverage. He didn't see the pass rush we see."

Tarkenton said he would take Oakland's Ken Stabler for his ability to move a team, simple as that. Also for the variety of balls he can throw. He likes the unselfishness of Bob Griese at Miami. "We may never know how great Griese is because he plays behind the greatest offensive line ever, and he only has to throw 10 passes a game."

He said if you wanted the most tenacious, competitive guy around, you might come up with Billy Kilmer at Washington. "He'll wobble one in three somehow," Fran said. For courage, what about Joe Namath? "Courage," he said, "and the ability to lay the 25-yard ball in there."

And how would history remember Fran Tarkenton, inasmuch as it is going to downplay the records?

"I'd like to be thought of as a good one," he said. "I hate to think I won't be unless I win a Super Bowl. You know, this team could win a Super Bowl, but I don't know that I would have made a bigger contribution to football by being a part of it than I did a couple of seasons in New York when we went 9-5 and 7-7 with no football players."

Happiness for a quarterback, naturally, is having yourself surrounded by receivers like Gilliam and Voigt and backs like Foreman and Mannaro who can also catch the ball. Against the Packers, Tarkenton's ability to find these people when he needed them was the principal thing that kept the Vikings undefeated.

At the risk of sounding repetitious, having Tarkenton is like having a coach on the field. As Minnesota's offensive coordinator, Jerry Burns, says, "Certainly nobody today has seen more than Fran has. When we set up a game plan, I suggest what I think the running game ought to be, but Fran knows as much as anyone about what will work with the passing game. We manage to put together something that he's comfortable with."

When Tarkenton had his ritual bowl of chili the night before the game at Chili John's in beautiful downtown Green Bay, he couldn't help but dwell on how he might feast on the young Packer secondary. Some say that feasting on the current Packers is easier than feasting at Chili John's, and Tarkenton proved as much on Sunday.

It would not be fair to suggest the victory was an easy one. The Vikings had



Gilliam went slightly bananas after TD grab.

to come from behind twice, from 10-7 and 17-14, but it never seemed that they were out of control. Receivers were open everywhere, and especially when Tarkenton needed them to be.

His three touchdown passes were of an assortment that only Tarkenton, perhaps, could have thrown today. The first was a play action to the right where he zinged one in from five yards to Voigt. The second was a drop-back, a floater over the head of the defender into the arms of Gilliam in the end zone. And the third was a typical old-fashioned Tarkenton scramble. Running around, bringing the stadium to its feet, and then, as only a man with a still-good arm can do, firing one for 10 yards to Foreman, who caught it just on the line, inundated by people in green shirts.

And so Fran Tarkenton and the Vikings press on, wondering if they can finally do it all. "Getting through the playoffs is the hardest part," he claimed. "That's where the real pressure is. We've gone into two Super Bowls now and we've lost our edge both times. Maybe it's because there's two weeks between the conference championship and the Super Bowl, I don't know. Maybe that's why there's never really been a great Super Bowl game." Tarkenton would like one more opportunity to do something about all that.

END

BABY, THERE'S GOLD OUTSIDE

He is just a weanling, but under the hammer he goes next week—the first colt sired by the wondrous Secretariat to be sold at public auction. Pre-sale speculation puts a fancy price tag on him **by WILLIAM F. REED**

For weeks now, horsemen from around the world have been stopping by E. V. Benjamin's Big Sink Farm near Versailles, Ky., to have a look at a baby race horse who won't even be a year old, officially, until New Year's Day, or, in actuality, until next April 21. "They've been drool'ing, too," says Benjamin with a smile and a wink. The colt is a winsome little fellow, bright-eyed and frisky, possessed already of the looks and stride that anyrpe old bluegrass horseman to dreams of glory.

He is a son of the unforgettable Secretariat, out of the fine race mare Chou Croute (french for sauerkraut), and on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 11, he will become the first Secretariat colt to be sold at public auction. The first filly, consigned by E. Barry Ryan's Normandy Farms, goes under the hammer the night before. And so begins the next installment of the story of the wonder horse who in 1973 became the first Triple Crown winner in 25 years, who took the Belmont by a runaway 31 lengths, won 16 of 21 races, earned \$1,316,808 and was syndicated as a stallion for \$6.08 million—\$190,000 for each share.

"There's gonna be some excitement, I'll tell you," says Benjamin. "Talk about your look of eagles, well, this Chou Croute dude has it. Whoever gets him ought to be thrilled to death. As Lucien Laurin [Secretariat's trainer] says, he just wants to live long enough to see this colt hit the racetrack."

In recent weeks, a popular bluegrass pastime has been trying to guess how much the Secretariat-Chou Croute weanling (Benjamin calls him Triple Sec) will bring at Keeneland's fall sale and second-guessing Benjamin's strategy of selling the colt now instead of waiting for next summer's select yearling auction. Triple Sec is insured for \$600,000 by Lloyd's of London, and Benjamin, naturally, wouldn't be unhappy if he goes for that much or more. "All the Secretariats might sell for between \$500,000 and a million," says J. B. Faulconer, whose Lexington bloodstock agency owns a share in the sire.

"The breeding on this colt is superb," adds Faulconer. "Of all the mares sent to Secretariat, Chou Croute has to rank as one of the best. I'm sure E.V. wants to sell now to get a jump on everyone else, and because he figures he can get just as much now as he could when the colt gets to be a yearling. On the other hand, the buyers will be thinking they can get a better price by buying now. It should be interesting."

To the public, Benjamin probably is not as well known as his brother Edward, who gained a measure of fame in 1971 when Canonero II, a colt he bred and sold for only \$1,200, won the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness. But it is E.V., not Edward, who has been the more successful breeder. Two decades ago he abandoned his salt, chemical and oil businesses in Louisiana to become a Kentucky gentleman, and thanks in part to the advice of a canny friend, the late Bull Hancock, but mostly because of his own acumen, Benjamin has bred some nice horses and turned some tidy profits at the 500-acre Big Sink spread. In one of his more spectacular moves he bought a mare for \$11,000 and sold her for \$350,000. Last summer he marketed \$1.3 million worth of yearlings at the Keeneland sales.

This kind of shrewd dealing enables E.V., at 66, to support a life-style in the old bluegrass manner. When he moved to Big Sink in 1955, the main house was so rundown, he says, that "we shot rats in the dining room." Today his pastures are dappled with mares and foals worth millions, and his house is a mosaic-set mansion with tall columns, expensive furniture and paintings and a butler who materializes in the paneled den with a tray of Bloody Marys at the push of a buzzer.

A businessman first, Benjamin speaks his Southern drawl with curse words, prefers Scotch to bourbon and once stopped a sale because he thought the buyers weren't bidding high enough on one of his horses. "The idea is to make money," he says, "either at the farm or on the racetrack." Nonetheless, he takes

pride in the quality of his products. He buys outstanding mares, breeds to the best stallions and has a high batting average. Of the 73 mares bred last spring at Big Sink, 67 are in foal. "How many farms can say that?" he asks. The Secretariat colt's mother, Chou Croute, was the best runner ever raised by Benjamin. On the track she was a marvelous blend of speed and strength; although best known as a sprinter, she won at every distance from six furlongs to 1½ miles in the early 1970s. In her most memorable effort, the 1972 Fall Highweight at Belmont, she carried 131 pounds and still beat colts. At her peak Chou Croute was ranked above such stars as Typhoon and Convenience on Racing Secretary's *Today's Trotter's* free handicap list. "She was the best race mare anyone ever had," asserts Benjamin. "She was more than just a sprinter, she was some kind of filly."

Apparently she is some kind of mother, too. Retired in 1973, she delivered her first foal, a colt by the estimable Damascus, with no assistance. Her second, the Secretariat colt, was born at 10:25 p.m. on April 21 without a hitch. "She just spots 'em out like nothin'," says Benjamin fondly.

Since Secretariat was syndicated before he won the Triple Crown, Benjamin's investment in him was a considerable gamble. He wanted to buy one of the 32 shares as soon as he was contacted by Seth Hancock, son of his old friend Bull and heir to the reins at Claiborne Farm. However, the \$190,000 tab was too steep for him to go it alone, so he enlisted two partners. Mrs. George Proskauer of Akron, Ohio and a New York banker who chooses to remain anonymous. Each shareholder has the right to send one mare to Secretariat every year of his breeding life. (This year Benjamin *et al.* won an extra mating with Secretariat in a drawing among shareholders.)

In the spring of 1974, his first season at stud, Secretariat was bred to 36 of the world's best mares. Shareholders who did not choose to send a mare to Secretariat got a substantial return on their investments right off the bat by selling

their seasons for \$100,000 or so to other breeders.

When the foals began to arrive early this year—30 of them—most of the owners decided to keep their Secretariats and race them. First reports are that they are a good-looking lot, with not a crooked leg among them. Not surprisingly, however, there are some hard-luck tales, e.g., two of the Secretariats died shortly after they were foaled. While other breeders planned to sell theirs next summer at Keeneland or Saratoga, Benjamin and Ryan chose the weanling sale instead. Ryan's is a filly out of the mare Zest II; she probably will bring less than Benjamin's colt. For Benjamin, having such an animal on hand has been an experience as nerve-racking as it has been exhilarating. He canceled most of his travel plans in order to stay home and watch over the colt.

"I can't afford to keep a million-dollar horse around," says Benjamin. "We're breaking the Damascus-Chou Croute colt right now, and I just can't

keep two. Lots of things can happen between now and next summer. Besides, with the breeding this colt has, I've been told that he'll bring about as much now as he would later. Maybe even more, because a man who buys him now can break him and train him exactly the way he wants to."

On a blustery, overcast morning not long ago Benjamin had a groom bring the colt up to the mansion so some visitors could have a look. "He's got his dam's big, strong rear end," said Benjamin. "That's where Chou Croute got her power. But his head and neck and legs are from Secretariat. Look at the legs that Secretariat puts on his horses. I've never seen more perfect hind legs. He's gonna be a big, tall colt. I just can't fault him."

For the first few months of his life, the foal nursed while Chou Croute grazed in a paddock. On the morning of Oct. 11, he was weaned. The moon was in just the right phase, in the opinion of farm manager Lucien Campbell, so the colt

was tranquilized at 8 a.m. and Chou Croute was led off 90 minutes later. By 2 p.m. the colt was eating hay in his stall, with only an occasional plaintive whinny over the loss of his mother. "Weaning was the last big hurdle," says Benjamin. "Now all we have to do is get him to the sale."

The colt will be shipped from Big Sink to Keeneland on Saturday, and there he will be under tight security. His stall will be guarded around the clock by Pinkertons, and he will be shown to prospective buyers only at times specified by Benjamin. Finally, on the afternoon of the 11th, auctioneer Tom Caldwell will bang his gavel and announce that Hip No. 319, by Secretariat out of Chou Croute, is ready to enter the sales ring, where the seats are money-green and occupied by captains of industry and finance and wealthy sportsmen.

"I'll be glad when it's over, 'cause I'm nervous as a cat," says Benjamin. "I just wish that Bull was here to see this one sold. God, what a horse."

AND

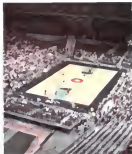
"Triple Sec," by Secretariat out of the fine mare Chou Croute, gambols on E. V. ("Nervous as a Cat") Benjamin's Big Sink Farm in Kentucky.



NO LOWDOWN BLUES IN THIS JAZZ STYLE

New Orleans began as an expansionist disaster, a horrendous team playing in shoddy arenas. A reborn Pistol and the Dome have changed all that

by JOE JARES



The Louisiana Superdome, that gargantuan mushroom cap west of South Rampart Street, is the home of the New Orleans pro football club, which is giving Sainthood a bad name, and the Tulane University Green Wave, which long ago turned into a pale fire froth. And if that were not sufficient sadness, funds to operate the Dome are in danger of running out. Default? Not quite. Before some French Quarter clarinetist starts wailing the *Louisiana Superdome Blues*, there is also some good news. A third tenant, the New Orleans Jazz, was—through last Saturday night anyway—the winningest team in the National Basketball Association.

It was too early to start printing play-off tickets, since the NBA has its usual quota of three million games between now and next summer, but it was still astounding to see the Jazz sitting up there at the top of the Central Division with a 5-1 record. Last season the Jazz didn't get its fifth victory until the 39th game, in the middle of January.

There was a team that began expansion life with 16 losses in 17 games, a ragtag bunch of has-beens and rejects who barely survived what they remember as the Death March: a 46-day flying nightmare in which they played only two games at home, lost 18 and won one. A search-and-rescue team finally located them in a deserted wing of San Francisco International Airport, mumbling incoherently and crazily flipping Marriott and Sheraton swizzle sticks at each other.

Yet that was no typo in last Sunday morning's sports section—5-1 was correct. Led by its one true star, Pete Maravich, who was playing with his right leg wrapped up like a mummy's, the Jazz had won four straight at home, beating Detroit, New York (in double overtime), Portland and Milwaukee, and then one

on the road against Cleveland on Saturday. Winning at Cleveland's Coliseum might not seem like such a big deal to some teams, but for a club that was 3-38 on the road last season it was sweet indeed. What's happened?

The Jazz played its home games last season in Loyola University's field house and in the Municipal Auditorium, so maybe the players have been inspired by the move to the Superdome, where the concession-stand menus feature corned beef Domewiches, roast beef Poor Boys and 51 25 Superdops. The idea of playing basketball in the 75,000-seat mushroom might seem odd, but the architects and the Jazz staff have figured out a way to turn the vast stadium into an arena at least as "intimate" as Madison Square Garden. Using the permanent stands on the west side of the football field as a base, a 3,289-seat chunk of stands from the east side is moved on tracks until it comes to the edge of the basketball court. Stands are set up at either end, *et voilà*, 19,203 seats—the home of the Saints has become the home of the Jazz.

The team has succeeded with another innovation. Seats in the far reaches of the west upper deck, called the terrace, sell for only \$1.50 apiece. Thus, a fan of modest means can have a midcourt-line view of an NBA game while becoming the first on his block to learn which 7-foot centers have bald spots. As was discovered at halftime of the Detroit game, the terrace is also a superb place from which to sail a Frisbee. More than 7,500 were given away by the Jazz and about four thousand of them came sailing down when the halftime show flopped.

The Superdome still has serious problems. The picture on the huge TV screens is poor, and since the TV costs \$1,000 a game to operate, the frugal Jazz manage-

ment has elected to forget it most nights. Then for the game versus the Knicks more than 13,000 fans showed up. But the Dome, which is responsible, had not put on enough ticket sellers. The result, several near fistfights and a woman knocked down in the crush. For a per-game rental of \$2,400, or 8% of the gate, whichever is greater, the Jazz (not to mention its fans) deserves better service.

"This is a very, very large snakepit," says Maravich. "In the places we played last year we wore people down because of the heat. I guess here, with the air conditioning, we'll freeze 'em to death. There's no doubt in my mind I'll be super in the Superdome." Pistol Pete has been super indeed (he had 45 points against New York) despite his injuries, which include a stretched Achilles' tendon and a strained ankle ligament in his left leg, a strained knee ligament and a slight hamstring pull in his right. He has had to miss only one game, the opening defeat at Atlanta, but he has not been able to practice since the season started. Thus he has lost a lot of the stamina he built up in the summer months running on a levee near his house with neighbor and ex-football player Jim Taylor.

But he began the season in a blaze of optimism: "I'm so happy down here, it's the happiest I've ever been. There's no deceit, which you have in most organizations. People are honest. It's all uppty-up, and if you've got an uppty-up situation things will keep going good." Of his own status, he adds, "I am the captain of the team. I am the team leader."

It was quite a difference from the start of last season, when Maravich arrived in New Orleans bitter about his experiences in Atlanta. Then his mother committed suicide and he went through most of the year terribly depressed.

In the second half of the schedule the

Jazz revival got going. When the team was 1-14, Coach Scotty Robertson was fired and Butch van Breda Kolff—formerly at Lafayette, Hofstra and Princeton on the college level, and Los Angeles, Detroit, Phoenix and Memphis in the pros—was hired. Van Breda Kolff preached movement, team play and tough defense and finally got things turned around. After Feb. 2, the Jazz record was 18-17. "It's working out real well," says Maravich. "Butch is a loose coach—no big strategy. He's a good motivator, which is most important."

Van Breda Kolff's nomadic past has no doubt helped him deal with the pro basketball gypsies on his club. Starting Center Otto Moore, a 1968 first-round draft pick by Detroit, has played with three other teams, and at the time the Jazz picked him up last season every other team in the NBA and ABA had passed up the chance to sign him. Backup Center Mel Counts has been with five other clubs—twice with Los Angeles.

Last week's Halloween victory over the Milwaukee Bucks was typical of the way things have been going for New Orleans. The six-piece Magnolia Jazz Band, featuring a lady in green velvet shorts shaking herself and a tambourine, led the starters unto the floor. Van Breda Kolff has been going with E. C. Coleman, a good defensive forward out of Houston Baptist College who came to New Orleans from the Houston Rockets in the expansion draft; Ron Behagen, a third-year forward who did not get along with his coach at Kansas City-Omaha last season; Guard Louie Nelson, another expansion-draft product; plus Moore and Maravich. But van Breda Kolff has been giving lots of playing time to Counts, hot-shooting Aaron James and others on the Jazz bench.

Maravich was obviously hurting, and Behagen couldn't find the basket, but the Jazz still led at halftime 52-30. The Bucks made occasional runs in the second half, but New Orleans had a comfortable 19-point lead when van Breda Kolff cleared his bench with 2:45 left. At the end, six of the Jazz—Maravich, Nelson, Behagen, James, Moore and Nate Williams—had scored in double figures.

The Milwaukee and Cleveland wins were not overwhelming but they were good examples of the style van Breda

Kolff prefers: "Team play and good 'D'." It began to seem ridiculous that the Jazz has been excluded from CBS' schedule of NBA games this year.

One of the dictionary definitions of jazz is "improvisatory, virtuosic solos," and Pistol Pete has been a virtuoso basketball solist for a long time. But this year, perhaps because of the injuries, perhaps because of van Breda Kolff's urging, he has been submerging himself into the Jazz ensemble. There was little if any "showtime" against Milwaukee and Cleveland last weekend.

"Our style is lots of running, which

is best for Pete," says van Breda Kolff. "But he's starting to slow it up when we need to. He's taking over, that's what he's doing. Right now he's playing the best I've ever seen him. He's playing within himself. If he keeps this up he's going to be a basketball player's basketball player and a coach's player, not a fan's player."

And if the Jazz keeps winning and makes the playoffs, there might be 50,000 fans or so watching basketball in the Superdome one night. In a city of fallen Saints the citizenry needs to have a dream like that come true.

END



With both legs taped but hair flying, Maravich maneuvers against the Bucks' Jim Price.

It's not as if there's nothing in the state of Nebraska except football. You can go to a museum in Lincoln and see the fossil of the world's largest elephant. Or sit on a fence and wait for a pheasant to fly up. Or go to any town and applaud the changing traffic signal, boating when it gets stuck on yellow.

Or you can do some dull things. It's up to you. What happened, for those of you who slept through this in school, is that when God went to work creating Nebraska, He thought: "O.K., I keep giving other areas of this country mountains, beaches, stuff like that. Everywhere I look, beauty. I need a change." What resulted is a landscape of wall-to-wall dust. It's the perfect environment if you're a vacuum sweeper. To try to make up, God later gave Nebraska football.

Despite having to listen to all this verbal abuse and fawning from snooty outsiders, Nebraska residents long have been able to gather themselves together and boast of the untold wonders of the University of Nebraska Cornhuskers. Nobody could josh them on that. It is this understandable and justifiable love of Big Red football that made the fans

PLAINLY STATED, IT'S NEBRASKA

The poor Huskers haven't won a national title since 1971, but in whipping Missouri they looked ready for another **by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

nervous early this fall. For, sad to report, Nebraska is engaged in what coaches call a rebuilding year. That means stand by for losing. Nebraska coaches didn't say that but the panicky look in their eyes was clear as the season approached.

That's because 1974 was the last for the Huskers' alltime whizbang quarterback, Dave Humm; Don Westbrook, who scored 10 touchdowns; all the linebackers; both starting guards; both starting offensive tackles; and the guy who ushers in Section 14. That's a mess of folks to replace, even for Nebraska.

But people from Weeping Water to McCool Junction took heart, because they were promised this was a temporary malady that would be righted in 1976, mostly because of splendid freshmen enrolled this fall. Come next season, the word was, the Huskers would be plenty well enough to challenge for lots of things, including the national title.

Make no mistake. Even when Nebraska is rebuilding, it still has a talent overload, with more players who can play than nearly any other team in the country. The problem is that football is so much a state project and success in the endeavor so thirsted after that even nine wins out of 12 games, which is what happened in 1974, doesn't get raves. Nebraska doesn't want any old rung on the Top 10 ladder; it wants the highest.

So what has happened? At this point in the Year of the Rebuild, Nebraska is 8-0. And thinking about its chances for its first national championship since way back in 1971. Oldtimers will remember that year's Bob Devaney-coached team was voted the best in college football history. But this year's model isn't bad.

Nebraska reconfirmed its suspected wonders last Saturday when it thumped a good Missouri team in Columbia 30-7. "I'm afraid we bring out the best in Nebraska," moaned Missouri Coach Al Onfrio. The game turned on a number of flaming foul-ups involving kicking.

Impressive, though, was how Nebraska went about its day's work in such a thoroughly professional—oops, excuse the term, Mr. Byers—manner.

"I thought we looked pretty good," said Coach Tom Osborne, in what amounts to an extravagant statement for him. Conversely, when he's beside himself with anger, he says, "Dad gum it." The significance of this win is that Nebraska will go into the Nov. 22 game against Oklahoma with a 10-0 record. Oh, sure, the Huskers must play Kansas State this week and Iowa State the next, but the question is not whether Nebraska will win but whether its players need bother wearing helmets.

"This team," says Osborne, "wants to win more than any team I've had. Of course, wanting to and doing it are quite different." Against Missouri, Nebraska paired these ingredients.

Missouri's Tigers should have sensed it was going to be rugged when they were penalized on their first play for delay of the game. By the end of the first quarter the Huskers had taken charge with a routine field goal and a five-yard touchdown pass from Quarterback Vince Ferragamo to Brad Jenkins set up by a blocked punt. That happened when Nebraska Defensive End Ray Phillips rolled in unmolessted and unnoticed to foul the kick with his right hand. "I was the surprised one," said Phillips.

Missouri got a second-quarter touchdown on its injured star, Tailback Tony Galbreath, on a drive helped by a pass-interference call. And on the Nebraska sidelines, Osborne didn't like much of anything he was seeing.

So on a fourth-down play late in the half, in an effort to regain momentum, he ordered a fake punt. Missouri was in a fake-punt defense, but not a defense for this fake punt. The ball was centered to Fullback Tony Davis instead of to the kicker, Randy Lessman. Davis, close behind his partner in this hoax, John

O'Leary's fake punt run cowed Missouri.



O'Leary, handed the ball through O'Leary's legs to John, who never turned around. Then Davis spun as if to hand off on a reverse to Running Back Monte Anthony going around the right side. Meanwhile, O'Leary stood there, doubled over as if ready to block, hiding his secret. With all the commotion to the right, O'Leary swept left alone for 40 yards and the score, while Missouri defenders were reduced to asking people on the sidelines what had happened. What had happened is that the score had become 16-7.

In the second half Ferragamo threw his second and third touchdown passes of the day, both to Bobby Thomas. One went for 37 yards after Missouri dropped a punt, and the other for 61 yards shortly after Missouri was judged guilty of holding on a kick that would have given the Tigers the ball. All of which sent Linebacker Jim Wightman to chortling on the Husker bench. "We still ain't played nobody yet."

Thus far, Osborne has in abundance those two precious qualities that coaches wish would come out in pill form, luck and ability. Example: Osborne was counting heavily this year on Defensive Tackle Ron Pruitt. Pruitt broke his ankle. Out from behind a blocking dummy stepped Jerry Wied, who spelled his name for the coaching staff and promptly set about playing brilliantly. Example: the new linebackers quickly caught on to what this game is all about, although this still may be Nebraska's one soft spot.

Best of all, Osborne has managed to juggle two quarterbacks, both of whom view themselves as clearly the better. First there is Terry Luck, a talented thrower from Fayetteville, N.C. He of the oft-injured knee is this year's team co-captain and it was he who directed the Huskers' Sugar Bowl win last year. The other is Ferragamo, a lasagna-loving passer who showed up in Lincoln saying he didn't like all that hippie junk at California where he had been playing. He yearned, he said, to play where fans liked football. Nebraska came to mind, sort of like come Dec. 25, Christmas does Osborne (he has a doctorate; the university's president does not) takes the simple approach: the one who plays better gets to start the next game. But if one falters, the coach is quick to make a switch. Both quarterbacks want to play more,



Nebraska's first touchdown came after Ray Phillips blasted through to block a Tiger punt

both think Osborne is fair. That's Osborne you see up there on the tightrope.

Osborne even can contend with his free spirit, Fullback Tony Davis, star player in Nebraska's past two bowl games. Last year the coach conned Davis into thinking it would be fun to block more and carry the ball less. Now Osborne has Davis saying he even likes to block. To get ready for his assignment, Davis says, "I don't brush my teeth the day of the game so I'll be as nasty as possible."

This is Osborne's third year at Nebraska, and it's certainly not as if he has been a failure since taking over after the fabled and successful 11 years of Devaney. But his problem is twofold: he has not yet won the Big Eight and, perhaps worse, Nebraska has developed this alarming habit of losing to Oklahoma

and, heaven forbid, Missouri. Blowing Missouri out of the tub Saturday took care of some of Osborne's trouble.

The game was disappointing for Missouri, since the Tigers opened the season with an impressive win over Alabama in Birmingham. But Don Faurio, 73, who for 25 years was a college football coach (19 at Missouri), was candid: "Against Alabama, we played a little better than we could."

As for Onofrio, he doesn't plan to change everything just because Nebraska gave him a licking. He will still, for example, give each of his players a 22-ounce porterhouse steak on the eve of Saturday's game against Iowa State, along with string beans, potato, two scoops of ice cream, two rolls, two glasses of milk, two burps, and to bed. And

continued

he'll read a bit more intensively in a thick book he has been juggling around of late, *Law of Success*.

Osborne won't change, either. He'll keep saying he looks ahead only to the next game while he's looking ahead three to Oklahoma. He'll follow his theory that a good football team must avoid emotional peaks and valleys. In fact, Osborne's idea of a gripping speech to his

players is, "We're better than they are. Now go out there and shove it down their throats."

After the game Osborne and his wife Nancy enjoyed a quiet dinner out. "When do you celebrate?" she asked. "Well, I celebrate when I start walking off the field after the game," he answered. "And by the time I get to the locker room I'm done."

And what about 1976, the season Nebraska is now rebuilding for? Osborne says, "There's a chance we'll be pretty good." Which is like saying there's a chance you'll need an overcoat in Lincoln this winter. But Osborne's observation means the people in Weeping Water and McCook Junction can smile again. And the rest of the Big Eight can shudder and fight off the cold chills. **END**

WHERE'S CHARLIE? AT EVERY GAME



WINKLER, AS ALWAYS, IS RED-ILY YOUNG

Charlie, if your wife died and her funeral had to be on a Saturday when Nebraska was playing football, would you go to her funeral or to the game?" "I'm a decent man," sniffs Charles Winkler, 53, of Grand Island, Neb., "and that's a stupid question. Certainly I would go to her funeral. Of course, I wouldn't have time to go on out to the cemetery."

And with that, Charlie and a few friends start slapping their knees and carrying on, which spurs Charlie to new depths: "Once my wife was crying and she said, 'You love football more than me.' And being honest, I said, 'Well, that's true. But I love you more than basketball.'"

Assuming none of this is true—likely, since a lot of what Charlie says isn't—the one indisputable fact is that Winkler loves University of Nebraska football more than anybody. And it's odds-on he's the No. 1 fan in the nation. Says Charlie, "When that team comes running on the field and the band strikes up

Dear Old Nebraska U the tears damn near scald my cheeks. It's life's ultimate experience."

Even in Nebraska, Winkler stands out as a fanatic. His wife, Doris the Non-Fan, says, "Charlie is proof that all the fools aren't dead yet."

Last weekend Doris' fool was in Columbia, Mo., dressed in his \$150 red polyester suit and his \$3.50 red cotton shorts, going bonkers as usual. "That's a beautiful tie Charlie," says an on-looker. "That's not my tie. It's my tongue," says Winkler. And everyone goes to slapping knees again. "Sometimes," says a Winkler watcher, "Charlie has more momentum than the Nebraska offense."

"Part of being a fan is to work at it, to sacrifice," says Winkler. Charlie's credentials are unchallenged, starting with the 210-mile round trip between his Grand Island home and the NU stadium. He'll drive it four times a week. Winkler also:

- Goes to all home and away games and has since the early '60s, except when his health dictates he stay close to indoor plumbing or when a certified genuine family crisis erupts.
- Goes to all home and away freshman games. Once he drove to a varsity game in Lincoln, then to McCook to see the freshmen and back to Grand Island that night, a journey of almost 500 miles. Was it worth it? "Oh, my God, yes. You mean it wouldn't be to you?"
- Attends all intrasquad scrimmages in the spring and fall. There usually are about a dozen each year, and Charlie's attendance, except at the big spring game, can double the size of the crowd.
- Sometimes drives to Lincoln just to sit in Memorial Stadium alone with the wind and dream about the good times.
- Tape-records radio broadcasts of all Nebraska games and files them. But he

always keeps several tapes in his car so he can relive perhaps a great Johnny Rodgers run while driving from his home to his office. He also tapes the audio of telecasts (his hope is to get his own library of video tapes) and also the broadcasts made by the opposing teams' announcers. "I'd just hate to miss anything," he says.

• Wants to have a heart attack at a game, then recover just long enough to see the Big Red score one more touchdown before he finally succumbs.

• Wants his ashes scattered over the stadium, preferably during a game so the 76,000 disciples can enjoy him. Told health statutes might preclude such frivolity, Winkler is disconsolate. But a friend, F. M. (Mitch) Mitchell, comes to his rescue: "Don't worry, Charlie. We'll smuggle you in there somehow, if we have to put you in a popcorn box." That makes Charlie very happy.

In fact, Winkler thinks the road to heaven is paved with AstroTurf and is sure life's end zone has a big NU painted on it. But if he runs the risk of being considered a blathering buffoon ("Charlie is a great guy," says a friend. "Of course, you spend an hour with him and that's enough of a dose for, well, I'd say a couple of years"), he is not considered excess baggage by the coaches. Tom Osborne says, "Charlie helps us. Honest."

What Charlie does to help, other than chatter, is write letters. He sends off at least 250 a year to young men who might be persuaded to pursue their higher education at NU, and, oh, by the way, play a little football Saturday afternoon. Usually he says things like he "hopes and prays" a top prospect will come to Nebraska, and he signs his pleas, "Big Red-ily yours."

While Charlie refuses to take credit for any one player showing up in Lincoln, all the players know him. Of course, not knowing him would cast serious doubt

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on a player's eyesight. And his hearing.

Why write those letters? Says Charlie, "If you show a recruit the scenery around Lincoln, what the heck is he supposed to say? 'Isn't it beautiful?' If he does, he's too dumb to play for us. So I write about the great opportunity here."

Charlie's strength is that whatever the coaches say or do, he's for it. If NU starts kicking on second down, Charlie will proclaim it "smart football, brilliant." Further, for all his bluster, Charlie is not a meddler, not a complainer, not a favor-asker, not a ticket-requester. And he was the same way when Nebraska was losing a lot, which was back about the time of the invention of the wheel. He just likes to shake hands with the players, tell them they are credits to their towns and be close to the howls of victory and, infrequently, the silence of defeat.

"I have no vices," insists Charlie, "except Big Red football." He doesn't drink and he says with all-conference accuracy, "I can make a fool of myself sober." In a smoky Lincoln club Charlie is evasive: "All these people will be drunk for three days. Isn't that great? I mean even though I don't drink, that's what college football is all about." Winkler holds six season tickets, spends \$2,000 a year following NU (he almost always drives) and would gladly pay 10 times as much, yes, 100 times as much, for the privilege.

Charlie came down with the fever in the '30s when a player named Hub Boswell went to Nebraska. Since Boswell and Winkler were both from the Ravenna, Neb. area, Winkler (who never attended NU or any other university) started paying attention. Charlie has lost track of Boswell, but the hook set by Hub has been firmly in Charlie's mouth since, not infrequently sharing the space with a Winkler foot.

A real-estate salesman when Nebraska football doesn't interfere (his office is decorated with old NU football schedules), Charlie admits folks could and do consider his devotion silly. But he says, "Some guys chase women, some shout ducks, I believe in Big Red football. What's the difference? I do it because I love it."

He remembers defeats and bad times, too. Like his honeymoon, which he planned so he could stop off and try to recruit a player in Sturgis, S. Dak. Says Winkler, "The honeymoon was ruined. He went to Colorado."

—D.S.L.

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Down to spare engines and threadbare tires, Don Vesco wedged himself into his Silver Bird and roared off across Utah's Bonneville salt desert to set a motorcycle world land-speed record *by COLES PHINIZY*

FLAT OUT ON THE FLATS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL SPRADUE



Ten years ago on the worn salt flats of western Utah, Don Vesco of San Diego climbed—or, more precisely, was crammed by his brother Rick—into a spanking-new streamliner motorcycle of his own design. In compliance with the dictionary definition of motorcycle, Vesco's futuristic creation had only two wheels in line and transmitted power to the rear one by chain drive, just like the ancient, ear-splitting machines that Tom

Swift and Glenn Curtiss rode to glory more than 50 years ago.

The similarity between a machine like Vesco's and an old Tom Swifty ends right there. Modern streamliners capable of three or four miles a minute are slick and low-slung, their cigarlike bodies encapsulating the driver in a cockpit more cramped than a \$50 coffin, and about as comfy. In some machines the driver lies prone; in others he rides supine or semi-

supine, hunched up as if suffering from stomach gas. To fit into his first streamliner, Don Vesco was obliged to kneel, tucked in a prenatal ball. Because the surplus military wing tank he used for a body was only 18 inches in diameter, he cut a hole in it to allow the top of his helmeted head to protrude.

After Vesco was safely packed inside his streamliner for its initial speed run in 1965, his brother Rick got him on his way by giving the vehicle a running push. Within 20 feet the engine caught, and the machine spurted off toward the distant horizon, attaining a speed of almost 15 mph before falling over. After being properly repacked, Vesco tried again, this time weaving all of 30 feet down the course before rolling over. On his third try the streamliner again wobbled along for about 30 feet, gave a few barks, fell over and died. On his fourth attempt Vesco poured the gas to it and managed to peak out in first gear at 80 mph before the machine rolled over. When streamliners fall on their sides at such a speed, they customarily slide across the salt flat nose first, like misfired rockets. Vesco's ailing machine somehow swung sideways and began bouncing and rolling over and over, from its wheels onto its back and back onto its wheels. According to Vesco's wife Norma, "The poor thing was flopping around on the salt like a sick goldfish."

In his farcical debut in a streamliner, Vesco broke his nose and a collarbone and blackened an eye. In the 10 years since, going faster and ever faster, he has spilled a little blood now and again and in wild slides of a quarter mile or more has left quite a lot of priot smeared across the Utah salt. In the process he has won undisputed right to the title of the fastest man on two wheels. At present he holds 10 of the 20 national streamliner records in displacement classes ranging from 250 to 2,000 cc., and could easily bag half a dozen other marks except that, like many proficient speed nuts, he is obsessed with the ultimate.

Only four cyclists—all Americans—have averaged over four miles a minute to and fro through a one-mile speed trap. In 1966 Bob Leppan of Detroit drove a Triumph-powered streamliner 245.667 mph at Bonneville. Four years later Vesco upped the record with Yamaha power to

continued



251.924 and within a month was surpassed by a San Diego chum, Cal Rayborn, who used Harley-Davidson power to record a 265.492 run. In an attempt to take the record back that same year, Leppan broke his front suspension while going 270 mph, flipped and slid three-quarters of a mile, almost losing his life and permanently crippling one arm. Three years later Rayborn died in New Zealand when a road-racing engine seized and threw him into a wall. In 1973, after two frustrating seasons of falling over and blowing engines, Bill Wirges of Princeton, Ill. got a Kawasaki-powered machine up to 241.927 and retired, leaving the game to Vesco. Last year Vesco upped the record to 281.702 mph.

Curiously, although all the runs of the four-mile-a-minute men were precisely clocked and supervised, none is recognized by the Fédération Internationale Motocycliste, the world body governing motorcycling, which operates out of Swiss headquarters far removed from the realities being achieved on Utah salt. By the rules of the American Motorcycle Association, between his run through the one-mile speed trap and his return through the same trap, a driver may replace any part of his power plant except the cylinder head, crankcase and transmission, provided all new parts are identical to those supplanted. Vesco's 1974 record run of 281.702 mph was not an official world mark because he changed the belt coupling the two Yamaha engines that power his bike, which the FIM does not allow. Vesco's previous record-breaking run in 1970, as well as the runs by Leppan in 1966 and Rayborn in 1970, have no world standing because at the time they were made the FIM did not recognize the AMA, which clocked the attempts. The 241.927 run by Bill Wirges in 1973 would be a world record except that the papers laying claim to the mark (along with three claims by Vesco in small displacement classes) were lost by the FIM. The most that can be said in cool detachment about the FIM is that the organization now seems aware that the last Ice Age has ended, leaving Utah's salt flats available for record-breaking. The FIM does acknowledge that an American named Bill Johnson did travel 224.569 mph somewhere out on the Utah salt back in 1962. According to its "records," that is as fast as anyone has gone on a motorcycle.

The fact that the world body govern-

ing motorcycles seems to have developed a permanent three-mile-a-minute mentality has never bothered Vesco. Bereft of challengers and FIM recognition, this past summer he pressed on, trying to better his own best, aiming for five miles a minute and having a rough time of it. Power *per se* has seldom been a problem for him. Indeed, in such terms as power-to-weight ratio and speed-to-power, he is a standout among all the heroes who in the past 40 years have driven internal-combustion thunderbuses across the salt. His present streamliner, consisting of an off-battered and reshaped body on a 6-year old frame, measures 20 feet, nine inches overall and, with five quarts of gas aboard, weighs about 900 pounds. The twin Yamaha engines he is currently using (with 96-octane street gasoline) have a total displacement of 1,500 cubic centimeters (about 90 cubic inches) and put out 200 practical horsepower—about what most little old ladies are using to tootle around Pasadena these days. By comparison, *Goldrod*, the piston-powered car that in 1965 set the current land speed record of 409.277 mph for four-wheel vehicles, weighed three tons and was driven by four Chrysler engines putting out 12 times the horsepower of Vesco's two-wheeler.

Even with his limited power, on a course that would allow him at least four miles to run up through six gears, Vesco believed he could easily get through a one-mile speed trap at more than 300 mph—that is, he felt that he could if he could keep his dangd contraction riding on its two wheels. In his quest he has been plagued by all the quirks that beset modern speedsters: human error, the frailties of the finest metals and the many whims of God. One of God's forces, the wind, is Vesco's special bugaboo. Where as a high-speed, four-wheel machine can go along fairly well in 10-mph winds, a breath of only three mph is rough on Vesco. A sudden feathery puff from one direction followed by a lull is like a hard, fast blow from one side and then the other—and whoops!—over Vesco goes in a wild slide.

Vesco made his first 1975 record attempts in August during an outing called National Speed Week, sharing Bonneville with 170 other drivers who were seeking greater and lesser grails in two-wheel and four-wheel machines. Because of wind and rain and an assortment of human and mechanical failures, Vesco

never put a two-way run together during Speed Week. The salt was so damp and soft that he had a scant three-mile run into the speed trap from either direction. As a consequence of the poor footing and the faulty alignment of his front wheel, he managed only two clockings better than four miles a minute. Twice his wheels lost the salt and he fell on his side while rolling at more than 250 mph. On the worst of his two slides he left a paint streak a third of a mile long.

Seven weeks ago when Vesco returned to Utah, he had better conditions. The course, albeit bumpy at one end, allowed him a run-in of four miles on both ends of the speed trap, and in four days Vesco made almost all his dreams come true. By the time he finished his last attempt of the second day, with the sun already under the western mountains, he had broken the world record two times. His fastest two-way average—293.542 mph—exceeded his own previous best by 12 mph and the so-called world mark by more than a mile a minute. On his second run of the first day a wrist pin broke, poking a rod through a cylinder. As a consequence, on the second and third days he ran spare engines with a total displacement of only 1,400 cc., which put out about 175 horsepower. Despite the limitation, by the end of the third day he had upped the record to 299.475 mph.

To make the most of his low horsepower, Vesco then backed farther away from the mile speed trap, starting a five-mile run-in on salt so rough it chewed rubber off his tires. Determined to get over the five-mile-a-minute mark (where \$15,000 in contingency money from a dozen sponsors awaited him), he replaced the damaged vitals of his larger engines, and on the fourth day, riding on the last two good tires in his worn inventory, he averaged 302.928 mph. At the end of the last run there was fabric showing on one of his tires.

Vesco's attempts were properly observed and recorded by FIM-sanctioned officials. If the FIM acts with its customary alacrity and efficiency, by the turn of this century Vesco's best mark of 302.928 could be recognized as a world record.

In addition to the officials and his personal team, Vesco's four days of record breaking were witnessed by a scant two dozen spectators. Which was too bad, because the effect was stunning. In one moment Vesco's machine appeared as an

continued

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orb on the distant rim of the salt. In the next sliver of time it was frozen on the retina dead ahead, elongate, bright red and yellow. In another instant it was gone over the opposite rim of the earth, lost in its own trailing noise.

On all his runs Vesco came out of the measured mile faster than he went in. On his fastest one-way run, for example, he clocked 304.645. He entered that mile at about 302 mph and came out of it at about 308 mph. So his power still exceeds his opportunity. Given a longer, better course, he could probably raise the mark by at least 10 mph.

Vesco does not seem suited in either manner or mien for the fast game he plays. He is devoid of pretense, a low-key hero who almost defies inflation in press releases. Although his prematurely gray hair is worn modestly full and his spectacles to correct astigmatism give him a bookish air, at 36 he is still part boy, puckish and prankish and about as unretroverted as a belly dancer.

In the final hour before a record attempt, knowing that he may end up riding upside down or sideways at four miles a minute, Vesco comports himself as casually as a geology professor out on a field trip to collect metamorphic samples from Jurassic times. In the last hour before possible doom, he will put any stray dog that happens by and chat with children, or discourse with equal ease about intricacies such as boundary layer control and laminar flow with speed buffs who have gathered to admire his slick machine. Not even the occasional idiot questions of the news media seem to annoy him. After one very unsuccessful run this past August, a TV man stuck a padded microphone in his face and asked what he was thinking about when he went out of control at 250 mph. "Probably nothing," Vesco replied. After his machine failed to accelerate properly on another bad run, his first comment was equally untheatrical. "I forgot to turn on the gas," he confessed.

Vesco was born in motor-mad Southern California, where his motor-mad father had run stripped-down Ford T's on the dry lakes back in the '20s. Vesco's devotion to two-wheel machines began in a customary Southern California way. As he describes it, "In San Diego in those days at the age of 14 you bought a second-hand motor scooter for \$10 and spent another \$30 making it run. Then you sold it to pay all the traffic fines you collected for

driving without a license. Then you saved up and bought another scooter and kept it at a neighbor's house so your parents wouldn't know you had one."

Vesco went from scooters to street machines to road racers of half a dozen brands back in the days when the sport of motorcycling was trying to clean up its soiled image, abetted by the comforting sales pitch, "You meet the nicest people on a Honda." In 1964, after Vesco was twice laid up with broken bones incurred racing for the Yamaha factory team, the machine shop where he was employed ordered him to quit racing. Vesco quit the job instead and kept on racing, a choice made easier because Yamaha offered him a dealership in El Cajon, west of San Diego. His present record-breaking, Yamaha-powered streamliner is called *Silver Bird*, the designation of the new line of cycles that Yamaha is putting out this year. Yamaha wanted the record-breaking streamliner to be silver-colored, consistent with its name, but Vesco demurred, decorating it with livid streaks of red and yellow. "I said I would not ride a silver machine on that white salt on a gray day," he explains, "unless I could unroll a ball of colored twine behind me. When I wander off the course at 250 miles an hour, I want to be found very quickly."

Vesco's present establishment in El Cajon is a busy enterprise, although his 10 employees are never sure whether their boss is trying to run a bike shop or a fun house. He once hung the bicycle belonging to his head machinist, Randy Hodges, 20 feet up a phone pole, and on another occasion disassembled Hodges' bike and distributed the components through the parts bins in the shop.

Vesco's establishment is now franchised to sell Yamahas from Japan, Husqvarnas from Sweden and DKWs from Germany. Although all three marques displayed in Vesco's shop are well labeled, many of the first-time customers who step into his place want to know how much a Honda will cost them. Vesco takes this frustration lightly, as he does all the setbacks in his two-wheeling career. He recognizes that it was the smart sales pitch of the Honda company a dozen years ago that started the motorcycle business on its booming way. It is perfectly all right with him if some of the nicest people are still on Hondas as long as he remains the fastest on two wheels of any kind.

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A SALTY GENIUS WHO MAKES PEPPERY WAVES

Robert Derecktor, boatbuilder and sailor, was forged in a time when craftsmanship counted. He turns an icy eye on all that is slipshod

by ROGER VAUGHAN

Robert E. Derecktor, carpenter, yacht builder, naval architect and ocean racer, stands at parade rest on the defense side of a heavy oak table on the second floor of the municipal building in the village of Mamaroneck, N.Y. He has on moccasins, white cotton socks, black work pants held up by rope suspenders, and a clean white shirt, which is to say he is dressed up. Standing with him is Clinton Loyd, a longtime friend. Loyd, a white-haired man in his 70s, is an architect and engineer. He has designed, among other things, New York's West Side Highway and Belt Parkway and the Tappan Zee Bridge over the Hudson River. Derecktor built his first aluminum

boat, the 42-foot yawl *Sue Dorce*, for Loyd. Trading on their friendship, Derecktor has asked him to redesign and beautify the front of his Mamaroneck boatyard.

It is 10 p.m. Derecktor and Loyd have been waiting an hour in the small, stuffy hearing room used by Mamaroneck's architectural review board. They had sat patiently while the board pondered a variety of signs proposed by town merchants who came before it, one by one, for lectures on esthetics.

When Derecktor and Loyd approached the table, the chairman smiled expansively, a schoolmaster greeting a discipline problem. "Well," he said, verbally rubbing his palms together, "what was a nice story about you in the *Times* last week after you won the Annapolis-Newport race."

"Yeah?" Derecktor said. Derecktor often replies with a question.

"Yes, very nice, especially if the reader didn't know you. But knowing you, I could see the subtle digs the writer was getting in."

"Oh yeah?" Derecktor said. He was still smiling, and he began chuckling in a mild way, but sitting behind him one could see his ears move slowly up and down. When Clint Eastwood is about to waste somebody, the close-up shows his jaw muscles twitching. With Derecktor it's the ears. Up and down they go as the gray matter overheats.

The man from the architectural review board was falling into the trap: the fastest gun syndrome. When a top gun shows up on local turf, there is always a guy who has to call him, especially if the guy thinks he has an edge.

At one time Derecktor might have picked up the table and thrown it out the window. After contemplating tossing the chairman after it, he would have walked out. But Derecktor has mellowed, so everyone says. His image is changing. However he still has his crane.

The details are hazy, but this much is known: a few years ago Derecktor got a good deal on a 130-ton crane that he thought would provide the quickest and safest means of hauling and launching boats. So he made the proper applications. The paper work proceeded, but there were the usual bureaucratic hang-ups, and with four new aluminum boats to launch in the spring of 1974—including

the Britton Chance-designed America's Cup contender *Morline*, the new maxiboat *Ondine* (also by Chance) and a 125-foot party fishing boat, the largest boat ever ordered from him—Derecktor installed the crane on verbal go-aheads and launched his boats on schedule.

Halfway through the installation, the town said no crane. By then its feet were already buried deep in foundations substantial enough to support a large building. Messages containing court orders, proposals, counterproposals and hearing dates began passing between city hall and the yard. One hearing was held two weeks before a launching of *Morline* in July of 1974, an event critical enough to bring Skipper Ted Turner and some of the crew to city hall. Said Turner to the village fathers: "The defense of the America's Cup is on your shoulders—you must let

Bob have his crane. Bob has been a bad boy, but if you give him his crane he will put trees out front, dress the place up and be a good boy."

While Derecktor winced at Turner's concept of assistance, the village fathers fell in love with the idea of beautifying Derecktor's yard. And it did seem easier than removing the crane. . . .

"Well," says the chairman, unrolling Loyd's plans with a professional flourish, "this is beginning to look pretty nice. Maybe here we should have a tree in a concrete pot, and a patch of lawn between the sheds here. The Mamaroneck Diner has put in trees, why can't Derecktor? He can afford it."

Derecktor's yard—still unbeautified—is located on the Boston Post Road, 25 miles northeast of New York City. If a visitor can make room on the cluttered shelf under the front window, he sits

enjoyment

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SALTY GENIUS

thumbing through magazines such as *New Equipment Digest* or *Tooling & Production* until a busy secretary takes a moment to look up. The pay phone on the wall has only recently been lowered sufficiently to allow people the luxury of sitting down while making a call.

Legend has it that Bob Derecktor eats mail for lunch and tosses at least one company president a week out of his yard for having the gall to inquire about a five- or six-figure boat on which work is in progress. Derecktor may or may not throw out company presidents, but for lunch he has been known to brown-bag sit at his desk in 12 minutes, which is better than the average customer time at Chock Full O' Nuts. The 12-minute lunch was a tuna salad on rye with lettuce and mayo, a bag of almonds (shelled), hot tea and an orange. He cut one thin radial gore out of the orange skin with his five-inch pocketknife, peeled the rest by hand, and ate it sloppily with some of the white stuff left on.

One of Derecktor's ads in *Techweek* was headlined "The Man Building the New Onslow Owns the Boat Yard." But it was the last paragraph that stood out: "Take a few minutes and write to Bob Derecktor with an outline of your building program. (When accepting phone calls conflicts with building boats, Bob Derecktor tends to build boats.)"

On first encounter, Derecktor's is like Loch Ness. Mysterious, Foreboding. A place where you are certain (because you have heard) a monster dwells. And look, here he comes, slamming the door, trucking into the office like an irate neighborhood club fighter, mumbling about 10-foot sections of something or other he can't find, growl, slam.

Derecktor is under six feet tall, although he seems quite a bit taller. The weather is cold and he is wearing a hand-knit blue wool cap with visor and earflaps. Red, white and blue suspenders are stretched over his barrel chest. Thick arms hang like parentheses from wrestler's shoulders. His head is cocked back and slightly to one side, balancing the small chip on the shoulder, and his Nordic, weatherbeaten face is set in an indignant scowl, the clear blue eyes rock-steady as he awaits an explanation for the interruption. It is recognizable as the Bob Derecktor "ready" position. From it, whatever he does is unexpected. He can turn and walk away, leaving uncertainty. He can disagree with you, sud-

continued

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Polaroid

The SX-70 picture on the far left was taken by the deluxe model, the one on the right by the Model 3. Note the vibrant colors, the richness of detail in both.

3 reasons getting more natural gas should be a national priority



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denly becoming very articulate and clear. He can get angry (watch out!) or his face can break into the biggest, crookedest smile, the biggest laugh, with the biggest set of crow's feet around the eyes you have ever seen.

The yard is the worst possible place to confront Derektor, unless the confrontation is about business, quickly and clearly stated. Once the buzzer goes off at 8 a.m., the place flies. With a fat notebook bulging from each breast pocket of his shirt, Derektor powers around from one job to the next like a pent-up tropical storm. Workers never know when the boss' breath of fire will be felt over their shoulders, which keeps them bent to the task at hand and which accounts for the "men at work" solemnity of the front office.

All one has to do to confirm that Derektor runs a one-man show is hang around for a day. How he manages to row to work each day from Rye, four miles down Long Island Sound, manage the yard's business, supervise purchasing, keep intimate track of as many as four boats under construction and dozens of repair jobs, personally design and fabricate hardware, assign workers to jobs fitting their capabilities, keep tabs on the Florida yard he opened six years ago and take 12 minutes off for lunch is beyond comprehension.

"It's easy," Derektor says. "You just ignore everybody."

His latest ambition is to build a third boatyard, at Newport, R.I. When the Navy vacated its base north of Newport harbor, Derektor proposed the building of a multimillion-dollar "first class marine complex" on the site, including facilities for complete service and repair of commercial and pleasure vessels. He made a formal proposal to Rhode Island's Governor Philip Nocti more than a year ago. So, in addition to Florida trips, he has been a bimonthly commuter to Providence.

"The net result," Clint Loyd says, "is that he overextends himself. And with his desire—his insistence—on perfection, he is generally strung out to the last ounce of strength."

For Derektor work is a lifelong habit, not something acquired with age. "When we were kids," he says, "we were always working at something. Another guy and I would buy a truckload of coal and shovel it by hand and sell it to people, just to do it."

It is a deeply rooted concept, slightly old-fashioned and European, and has to do with the hands, the back, a craft and pride in that craft. The fact that there aren't many American workmen in his yards is not accidental. "It's a cultural thing, and who am I to fight that?" Derektor says. "Take a young guy who has a college education and is working as a carpenter. He goes to a cocktail party and someone asks him what he does, and when he tells them, what is the response? Not so good. At best they think it's nice he is working all that out before going to law school. European cultures are different. People exist on more horizontal social and economic levels. Not everyone is scheming to be a vice-president. Craftsmen are proud of what they do, and respected as well."

Derektor has recruited craftsmen from Portugal and Italy, among other countries, overcoming the language barrier with a simple device: "I ask a man to build me a box. I give him a sketch, then I watch how he approaches it, the way he handles tools, how many excuses he gives me when it's finished."

Rosanne Chick, a friendly, self-assured woman who came to work for Derektor nine years ago and who is now his accountant and treasurer, unashamedly compares Derektor to Van Gogh. "Bob didn't decide to build boats," she says. "He was chosen."

Robert E. Derektor was born in White Plains, N.Y., in September 1921. His father, Nathan, who enjoys his 80s by working daily in his law office and playing tennis twice a week, remembers his son as a loner, an intense boy and one who seemed born interested in boats.

No one recalls when he put together his first pram, but he built his first substantial boat, a 21-foot sloop, when he was 14. "He got plans from a magazine, I guess," Nathan says, "and went to work. Don't ask me how he knew what to do, but one day he asked me to help him to dig a hole so he could pour a keel." The elder Derektor, who was in the construction business at that time, was happy to help. "I just did what he told me," he says.

Bob Derektor grew up with tools in his hands. "There were always nails being hammered somewhere close by," he says. "It was impossible not to learn how to use tools. It was a great time, the '30s. This whole area was different. It wasn't

a bedroom suburb for New York City the way it is now. It was sort of a rural area, alive with people who knew how to do things. I remember a guy named Tony Lambiasi. Tony Lambiasi designed an engine, then he built the wooden pattern for it and sent it to a foundry. When the casting came back he machined it and built the engine. Then he designed and built a boat. Then he put the engine in the boat and drove it around Long Island Sound. He also invented a machine for canning vegetables. Lambiasi had a third-grade education. People like Tony don't exist anymore. Very few people know how to do things."

Derektor entered Swarthmore when he was 16. When he was 17 he teamed up with a friend who had access to a boatyard. Using the yard's letterhead, the two kids bid on six Coast Guard motor launches and got the job. "Then we had to figure out how to build the boats," Derektor says. "We had to teach ourselves a lot."

He found college life a bore and dropped out after two years. In his second boat, a 38-foot schooner, he sailed south. He put in at the respected Owens yard near Baltimore and asked for a job as a carpenter. When the man asked him what he could do, Derektor walked him down the dock for a look at the boat he had sailed in on. After working on hulls for several months, Derektor told the boss that given six men he could build the hulls in half the time. He was put off, but he persisted and finally was given a shot at proving it. He cut the time down considerably, and at age 18 he became foreman of the Owens hull shop.

Derektor worked at several other yards and the pattern was the same. He was a take-charge guy, and he was good. At the Edgar John yard in Rye, 500 men were rushed in to build a wartime order of PT boats. Yard officials knew they needed a foreman, so they went to designer Olin Stephens and asked for advice. Stephens apologized for suggesting a 20-year-old, but told them to get Derektor. They did, and Derektor delivered the order.

After a tour in the Navy, mostly in the South Pacific repairing PT boats, Derektor went back to White Plains and worked for his father. He also designed and built a house for his parents after being angered by the high price quoted by a West Coast architect. Then he made most of the furniture for the

continued

house, which is shaped like a boat.

When he had saved enough money, Derecktor bought land in Mamaroneck and opened his yard. That was in 1947. Since then he has bemused a generation of yachtsmen. One of them, Norm Raben, recalls his first meeting with Derecktor. Raben is the owner of *La Forza del Desiderio*, the black, Gary Mull-designed sloop built by Derecktor that won its second straight Halifax race this year. "It was about 10 years ago, and I was bringing my old boat from a nearby yard over to Derecktor's. It was blowing a gale and I was alone on board. Halfway over, my throttle cable broke. Coming in to the dock with the engine racing, I was easing it in forward, then reverse, hoping not to drop the transmission. I noticed this guy wearing a cap and funny suspenders standing on the dock, but he never moved. I ran around, jumping on and off the boat, tying it up, and finally turned off the screaming engine. Then I walked up to the guy and said, 'You're a no-good rotten bastard!' He just wanted to see if I could do it. He's always testing you."

Some look at Derecktor and see machismo. Raben says it's pure toughness. "Machismo is programmed, a learned masculine behavior pattern, a front. Bob wouldn't understand that junk. What he would understand is hanging by his feet from the stern of a vessel in a storm welding the rudder. It's never for effect, it's just Bob. If it's got to be done, do it. That's essential toughness."

Do it, and do it his way. Clint Loyd

says, "I compare Bob to Nathaniel Herreshoff. He was a genius. A man once asked Nat to draw him a day-sailer. The only stipulation was that the boat couldn't be any longer than 16 feet. Nat did a drawing. It was perfect, the man said, only it was 17' 3". It has to be 16 feet, the man said. So Nat went ahead and built the boat, and when it was finished it was 17' 3". Now that is pretty much Derecktor."

One young designer recently checked in at the yard and discovered that the lightweight spreaders he had specified for a boat under construction had been widened and strengthened. "They'll murder me," he told Derecktor. "Listen, you pipsqueak," said Derecktor, "I've never had a mast go over the side yet."

Isn't it possible to rear back and demand that Bob build it to plan? "Oh I suppose I could," the designer said, biting his tongue. . . "but he was right."

Boatyard complaints that do not involve lateness—a chronic ailment at most yards—often center on a detail. Bob McCullough calls such lapses "Derecktorisms." McCullough, at present the commodore of the New York Yacht Club, has owned four Derecktor-built boats and he worked out a system for solving problems with Derecktor. "We used to sail a dinghy race to settle arguments," he says. "Bob wasn't such a hot dinghy racer then, so I got my way a lot. Bob's own boats were rough, and he thought all boats should be that way, not just his own. He was against the 'yachty' end of things."

Derecktor's own 54-foot ocean racer, *Sally Goose* (fifth in the line of *Gooses* he has designed and built), would still not satisfy most red-pants yachtsmen. What suffices for Derecktor's comfort is crude and minimal to others. Although he has considered enclosing it, the boat's head is still open. Before last winter's Southern Circuit races (in which *Sally Goose* won class A), Derecktor did install a hot saltwater shower in the stern. When the suspicious crew called for a demonstration of this surprising amenity, Derecktor complied. Standing chest deep in the open lazaret hatch, he was sprayed by hot water from hoses not clamped very tightly. Hollering and sputtering, Derecktor began scrambling from the hatch. To get his balance he grabbed the exhaust pipe from the engine, which had just been run to generate the hot water. The crew says it was situation comedy at its best.

"The greatest Derecktorism is on *Equation*, now *Surveill III*," says McCullough, referring to a fleet, 68-foot Chance ketch built by Derecktor. "The helmsman has a small cockpit amidships, just big enough for one person. It's a real shock the first time you are at the helm and someone uses the head, because the blower for the head comes out in the helmsman's cockpit."

"My wife Peg loves Bob, but the two of them have gone some rounds. When the built-in end tables for the couch were first put on board our power boat, *Jezebel*, they were four feet tall."

Why does McCullough keep going back to Derecktor? "He is a seaman first, then a racer," McCullough says. "Once past the hull the big problem with an ocean racer is the dock plan—where to put winches, where to strengthen the deck, the design of gear, the cockpit arrangement. Bob understands about going to sea and the problems one will face better than anybody, and he is ingenious enough to lick those problems."

Paul Hoffman's class A sloop *Thunderhead*, launched last year, is floating proof that Derecktor can fully finish a "yacht." Hoffman points out there was a challenge involved—his previous boat was built by Abeking & Rasmussen in Germany, a yard known for fine finish work. "Bob's work is every bit as good," Hoffman says.

Like a bends-crippled diver who is restored by returning to the depth where he had been, Bob Derecktor at sea is

continued

AT EASE: HIS DAY'S DUTY DONE, A SERENE DERECKTOR ROWS FOUR MILES HOME



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as relaxed as it is possible for him to be. The headaches of the two yards, the payroll of 130 people, the customers, the telephone, the contracts, the proposals, all subside before wind and waves. Which is not to say that he slows down. He still lives as if every minute were made for doing or thinking. He reads, he cooks, he washes dishes, he fixes things, he laughs a lot. He tells stories that make him the butt of friendly laughter. When racing, he is authoritative, the skipper. One shipmate says Derecktor can't be on any boat long without taking charge, and in fact last summer during the America's Cup trials, Ted Turner fired him from *Mariner's* crew. "Sailing with you is like sailing with my father," Turner told him.

But in a race Derecktor is not the tyrant one has been led to expect. One day during this summer's New York Yacht Club cruise, a light, fickle breeze cost *Salty Goose* a huge lead. Derecktor watched boats parade past to weather, shrugged, then shifted his eyes to a grand 100-foot power yacht passing on the other side. "How would you like to lift that one with the crane?" he said by way of small talk. "Whew," said a crewman, "we dream of owning them, and you dream of stepping out of the crane house after dropping them in the cradle."

The next day it blew a steady 25. An early start and one wrong tactical move lost the race for *Salty Goose*. Derecktor was disgruntled. "I don't care about those fluky races," he said, "but damn, I hate to lose in heavy air."

Among the relatively few people who have impressed Derecktor are the Vikings. He has several books about them that he continually rereads. Exploring these books, one sees Derecktor mirrored in Nordic images. Professor Johannes Brøndsted's *The Vikings* quotes from the poem *Hávamál* (The Sayings of the High One):

Let the man who opens a door be on the lookout for the enemy behind it...

A man should never move on such from his rearpost when out in the fields, for he never knows when he will need his spear...

A wolf that lies in its lair never gets upset, nor a sleeping man victor.

Injunctions against excess abound in Viking lore. "This pervasive prudence,"

Brøndsted says, "may indeed sometimes seem a stolid and negative virtue, but it clearly sprang from the hazardous conditions of Viking life." To Derecktor, current conditions are no less hazardous.

The family, too, was an important part of Viking life. Despite lighthearted references to his six children—"I figured with six kids the odds were with me, one or two had to turn out all right"—the family is serious business with Derecktor, a sanctuary when the overall view of the boat-building business becomes painful. "Who cares?" he has said. "What does it matter? The only thing I really care about is my family, my kids. The rest of the world can go to hell, you know."

On Derecktor's return from a trip to his Florida yard, his son Tom met the plane in New York. Tom is 17, third of the six children. He was working for his father at the yard during the summer, a parental proxy; an older brother had been unable to sustain. On the way home Derecktor found out Tom had spent time with a person he considers unsavory. "Cut it out, Tom, he's no good," said Derecktor. "Can't you understand, some of that is bound to rub off on you?" He hammered at Tom for several miles until the boy finally had had enough and raised his voice. "O.K., you've made your point."

The next morning, Jane Derecktor prepared breakfast. Bob consumed a huge bowl of home-made granola covered with molasses and milk. Tom stumbled to the table for eggs as his father got up. "Let's go, Tommy," said Bob. "You've got three minutes."

In the truck on the way to the yard, talk was of an employee who was slacking off. "I've never slacked off a day in my life," Derecktor said. "I've always set the pace."

No wonder he often seems at odds with his environment, a man born too late. "He's like the hero of Saul Bellow's *Henderson the Rain King*," Norm Raben says. "Henderson had to meet a different civilization on its terms. They told him to move the stone idols, and when he did he became king. Then he had to grow up with a lion. He had to go through a whole new process of self-identification." Derecktor's lions are lawyers, planners, review boards, permits, redtape—all the burrs of progress.

One gray, misty morning he rowed his 18-foot ocean canoe down Long Island

Sound to the yard. Schools of fish bubbled the glassy surface as they fed, ignoring fishermen's lures. Offshore, a large merman boat was a shadow as it passed in the fog. "This harbor used to be full of yachts," he said, appraising an anchorage sprinkled with boxy glass 25- and 30-footers that could have come off a Detroit production line.

"What is it about boats?" he wondered aloud. "What do people see in them, want with them?"

It's good for business that they do. "Yeah, maybe that's not so good."

What would you do if you didn't build boats?

"Maybe farm. I don't know. Build things. Not houses. That brings more people who don't know what they want telling you what to do. Special-purpose buildings. Lighthouses, maybe. Or power stations. I would like to build a power station and tow it out to Cape Hatteras and let the Gulf Stream run it."

A variation on that theme is that he would rather build work boats. The customers are more knowledgeable, he says, construction is simpler, and such boats are basically useful—they are bulldozers instead of sports cars. "He might say that," Clint Loyd observes, "but he loves sailboats too much to stop building them."

Norm Raben says, "Bob has been doing his thing all his life. He's getting sick of being a character. He wants to be accepted."

Current activities at the yard do indicate a changing image. It began with the lowering of the pay phone. There still isn't what one would call a welcome mat, but the front offices have been rebuilt with a more hospitable feeling. On the top floor of the main shed a small room like the salon of a large yacht has been built. It is finished in Derecktor's best joiner work with a variety of beautiful hardwoods. Here the customer can sit in comfort with a drink.

Derecktor still appears in fancy New York hotels for important meetings in "construction shoes and white socks," as Governor Noel says with some delight, and Derecktor shrugs off the changes at the yard. But most of his long-term friends agree he has mellowed somewhat.

"He says please and thank you now. He never used to," is the way one puts it.

"It's part of the refinement," says Clint Loyd. "First the fine sandpaper, then the varnish."

END

Rumors feed the minds of fishermen and tempt us to consider the most outlandish possibilities. The frozen lake at the center of Dante's hell, I have often thought, would be no exception; nor the River Styx, if word got around that trout lurked in the gloom of the far side.

I have no idea where the rumor came from that first took me to South Carolina to fish for striped bass in French Quarter Creek. Rumors seem to live the

lives of moles and are impossible to trace. But whatever the origins, the rumor must have been substantial in its promise, because South Carolina is a goodly drive from where I live and the automobile is not my favorite mode of transportation.

In any case, there I was at the end of a spectacularly drab day at the start of winter. Although French Quarter Creek is one of the world's loveliest rivers, meandering among vast marshes, it would

STALKING GRENDDEL IN A LAIR OF RUINS

The inadvertent, and frightening, discovery of an Old South rice field leads to a hero's role for one fortunate angler after striped bass

by ELLINGTON WHITE



probably prefer to go underground during this dingy time of year and not be seen again until spring. Clouds the color of wet concrete slathered themselves across the sky and oozed a cold gray drizzle on everything beneath them.

The accepted way to fish for stripers in these parts is to cruise the river until you encounter a school feeding on the surface, whereupon you are advised to cut your motor and glide silently among

the churning throng. I had spent the day doing just that, cruising, and now with dusk approaching, numb as a board and homeward bound, I had switched to a different technique, that of probing the edges of the river with a fly rod while the rising tide carried me in the direction of the landing where I had launched my boat.

A mile or so down the river from the landing, however, a surprising thing happened. Some whim of the tide, which was reaching full throttle, wheeled the boat around and shot it backward into the wall of bare bushes growing from the bank. One grasping branch tried to wrench the rod out of my hand while another seized my hat. I flailed about and almost fell overboard. By then the boat had left the river, having gone straight through the bushes and entered a lake of considerable size, hemmed in by high dirt banks on which gum and oak trees stood.

The sun was just moments away from making its dull departure, and owing to the dimness of the light and the large amount of moisture in the air, I had the impression of being not so much in a place as part of its reflection in a stupendous rain puddle. All around me the outlines were hazy and remote, and nothing moved except the tide hissing through the rushes. Grass as high as a man's head covered most of the lake, but there were a few open patches of water here and there and a channel that seemed to connect them. I wished I could see better. Muted shapes on the shoreline were bothering me, especially a small stump that suddenly acquired wings and flew into a tree as an owl moaned low in the background.

I have fished my share of creepy places, shadow- and fern-shrouded pools never reached by the sun: sullen backwaters in the Everglades, where each drop of rain thudded on the glossy green leaves. Here was another.

Joining spongy logs and wads of limp dead grass that the tide had accumulated during its shoreward journey, I drifted, the boat spinning much of the time, into the murky heart of this strange place. Finally it entered a narrow waterway blocked at the far end by a crumpled black oblong listing on a pair of hideously bent legs. The rational part of my brain told me what I was seeing was a duck blind. It was overruled. Before the thing could pounce—Grendel of the

Bogs—I started the engine with a yank and left, bursting through the bushes like a 14-foot aluminum spear.

Such was my introduction to South Carolina rice fields. I was not aware of it at the time but there are hundreds of these abandoned bogs scattered across the low country from Georgetown to Savannah. You find them on the Santee, the Combahee, the Ashepoo, the Edisto, and on the east and west branches of the Cooper. The fields and a few of the plantation houses that they helped to build are about all that remains of the great rice boom that lit up the economy of South Carolina during the 17th and 18th centuries, when millions of pounds of the grain were harvested annually.

Most of the fields have been idle since the early 1900s and many of them have returned to the woods or been overcome by swamps. Pine trees, a 20th century crop, cover a number of them. Others, their untended dikes crumbling, now seem to be owned jointly by rivers and marshes, existing without fixed boundaries in a tidal world populated by herons and crabs. Only a few have been kept up over the years, like carefully preserved frames surrounding a cherished but vanished picture.

Not too long ago, with two friends from Charleston, Scholey Pitcher and Gilly Dotterer, I was given permission to fish a rice field of the latter variety. Lavington Plantation encompasses a sizable chunk of real estate on the Ashepoo River, 40 miles southwest of Charleston. It is an area of endless marshes dotted by hummocks of myrtle bushes. Tidal creeks are scrawled across the face of the marshes, bringing in marine birds, fish and even mammals, like the porpoises said to have been once spotted playing in the plantation's waters. The Maybank family of Charleston has owned Lavington for more than 60 years. The painted wooden walls of the carefully maintained hunting lodge are covered with heads and antlers of deer that have been shot on the place. In the dining room stands an immense turkey gobbler encased in glass. Generations of hunters have been raised on Lavington—but few fishermen.

From the lodge we drove down a set of tire tracks that twisted through deep woods on a soft bed of sand, supported in low spots by oyster shells bleached white by the sun. We skirted a swamp and went through a field where Spanish moss cascaded down the slopes of huge

continued



oak trees. The deer had worn paths in the high grass and opened tunnels through the brush. Two powerful fawn-colored dogs, Rhodesian ridgebacks, trained to run deer, followed us a short distance before being led off into the pines by a scent more inviting than exhaust fumes.

The weather and visibility were much improved over my inadvertent first visit to a ricefield. Instead of the ominous lake that I remembered blurred behind a film of dusk and rain, the October sun had turned this bog into a shimmering field of water enclosed by wide banks where cedar, live oak and loblolly pine formed a thick green tangle.

I judged the field to be about 300 acres in size, although this was a crude calculation, since the high grass in the middle made an overall view impossible. In the 1800s a planter by the name of Godfrey had hacked it out of the wilderness, cleared the land and thrown up banks to lead the river water he needed to cultivate his rice. Since the water at the edge of the field covered trenches that had been dug to supply mud for the banks, Pitcher said we ought to fish it deep with plastic worms. "Go with the odds," as he put it.

"It's always worms these days," Dotterer said, digging into his box.

He is right. In recent years plastic worms by the tens of thousands have crawled into tackle boxes around the world. Red, yellow, purple, blue, orange, a psychedelic jumble, they threaten to eliminate the entire breed of under-water plugs. I suggested that we might use worms in the morning and switch to top water baits in the afternoon. "For old time's sake."

"Suits me," Pitcher said.

We lugged our boat down to the water and launched it in a bed of lily pads. Pitcher impaled a purple worm on a No. 1 hook, planting the barb in the plastic belly to shield it from snags and affixing a split shot to the line about a foot ahead of the hook. He cast the rig into the lilies that bordered the channel on both sides. When the bait reached the bottom, he began to retrieve it. In the clear black water you could follow its trail by a light lifting of silt from roots and matted leaves in the shallows. Then it disappeared, obviously into one of the trenches close to the bank.

"The whole secret of this worm fishing," Pitcher said, "is not to fish the thing

too fast. It has to barely crawl across the bottom. I learned the technique from those tournament bass fishermen on the Santee. Watch those guys sometime. They make about two casts an hour, less than that when the fishing's red-hot. What makes the bait come back to the boat is more than I can figure out. They never seem to move a muscle themselves."

"That kind of fishing's not for me," I said.

"You're not pro material, either," he said. "You're too fast. Those bass clubs are on the lookout for slow movers. Hey, what's this?"

Pitcher stood up in the boat, lowering his rod and opening the bail of his spinning reel so that the line could run off the spool unimpeded. Coils of line came spiraling off, only to be quickly sucked under the water.

After 20 or so yards of line had gone out, Pitcher flipped the handle to set the bail and lifted the rod hard. The weight of the fish at the other end put an arc in the rod from butt to tip. More line went out. It entered the water just about in the center of the channel, but if the fish decided to go into the grass, there would be no way to stop it. For some reason, though, it chose to stay in the deep water, and eventually the pressure of the rod brought it to the surface. It tried to jump but could get only part of its head, its very large head, out of the water. It was a most impressive striper.

"Keep him out of the grass."

"Keep the boat out of the grass. I'll tend to the fish. Where's the net?"

"I don't think we brought one."

"Yes, we did. I put it in the boat."

I found the net under the middle seat and handed it to Dotterer.

"How am I supposed to net a fish that's 25 feet from the boat?" he said. "Get him closer."

Pitcher managed to get back some of his line, but it didn't seem as if the fish, which continued to flail about on the surface, had budged. Maybe it was the boat that had given ground. In any case the gap had narrowed, that was the important thing. For a while it seemed as if the striper was showing signs of wear. Its thrashing appeared to be more subdued. Then it did something cunning with its tail, which broke the line, and it vanished in a foaming stew of bubbles, lily pads and shreds of grass.

Silence.

A limp Pitcher sighed and shook his head and quietly resumed his seat in the middle of our 12-foot aluminum johnboat. "What do you reckon that fish weighed?"

"Ten pounds?"

"More than that. I've caught a lot of 10-pound fish in my lifetime. That wasn't one of them."

"Twelve?"

"Somewhere around there. Twelve to 15 pounds."

These were heady figures, J. Paul Getty conversing with Howard Hughes and Lamar Hunt. I didn't know that I belonged in such company. Were these rice field waters really so rich?

"After a fish like that," Dotterer said, "White and myself might as well go home. You've just ruined what started out to be a pretty good day. Now what do we do?"

"We put on another worm," Pitcher said, "and carry on as before."

Even so, it took some time for the glow of this fish to wear off, something like a Roman candle burst that refuses to go out. We continued on around the field, fishing the deep water between the bank and the beginning of the grass. On the way we disturbed a number of alligators, floating black lumps behind bulblake eyes, that disappeared without making a ripple when we got near them. It seemed to me that my bait wasn't getting all the way to the bottom, so I attached an additional split shot to the line, and when we came to one of the old water gates, wooden troughs with hinged flaps at either end used to control the flooding of the field, I cast a black worm up beside the weathered timbers and watched it slide down through the green algae. I did this several times, and finally a fish poked it up and ran out into the middle of the channel.

"Now don't rush him," Pitcher said.

"Let him run a while, then set the hook."

Pitcher's advice conformed to the most popular theory of plastic-worm fishing according to which you should let the fish have a long, leisurely rumble with your bait before striking it. Another theory says you should strike instantly. Neither theory is going to work, of course, unless you apply it properly. I applied the second theory too late and very quickly lost a good fish.

Turning a corner, we displaced a raft of ducks, and watching them fly over the field in a tight wedge, I thought of some-

continued

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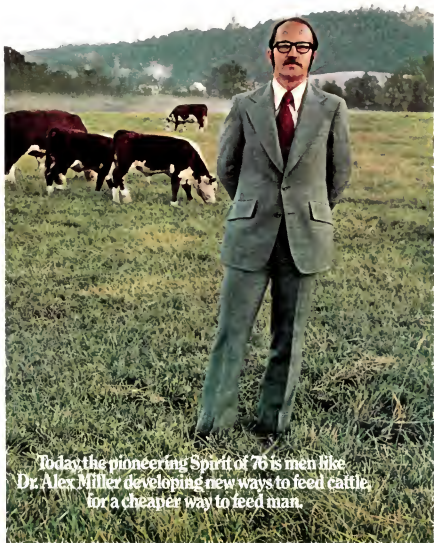
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thing one of the old planters had written about the low country—it would be impossible to starve in this place, the forests and the rivers were so bountiful. Rice attracted vast numbers of ducks and geese, and during the growing season such huge flocks of birds descended upon the fields that armed men had to be stationed along the banks to beat them off. Waterfowl continued to make their annual appearance long after the rice industry folded and were shot for decades by rich Eastern hunters who purchased thousands of acres in the early 1900s. While the shooting is a far cry from what it once was, ducks in large quantities still congregate here throughout the fall and winter. Wood ibis and anhingas also are in residence. Once a bald eagle in a flock of buzzards passed over our heads. Masses of small yellow butterflies were bunched like flowers on the banks, and turtles were sunning themselves on stumps. Insects and frogs droned, a July day had somehow come in out of the cold.

I finally put a three-pound striped in the boat, and Pitcher, after losing a second fish, caught one about the same size as mine and followed it with a nice eight-pounder. Measured against the way we remembered his first fish, however, both seemed pitifully small. We hooked several bass that no amount of angling finesse could have landed. Wearing down a school-sized striped on light tackle may not be much of a job in open water, but in water clogged with snags it is just about impossible. All you can do is try to guide the fish as gently as you can, somewhat like a permissive parent, and hope it doesn't call your bluff.

It was superb fishing. If you traced the progress of an average fishing day on graph paper, you would end up with a few peaks of action, a minor mountain range climbing with difficulty out of a dull plateau. By comparison, our progress resembled a profile of the Alps as we paddled from one crest to the next.

By midafternoon we had covered the deep water and entered the shallows of the grassy interior. Waterways divided and redivided themselves so zealously that in many of them two average-sized fish could not have passed one another without scraping fins. Our paddle became a pole pushing us through the grass, and surface baits replaced worms.

In the shallows fish are more fidgety than they are in deep water. They dart

from shade to shade. Either the light hurts their eyes or they sense the absence of shelter. In any case they seem to be constantly on the move, elusive and bewitching targets fading from sight just as you are about to cross their path with a plump fly or a spastically swimming Rapala.

"There's one!"

"Where?"

"See! The grass is moving!"

Blending on either side of the fish, the grass marked an erratic course from the ruins of a duck blind through an expanse of lily pads and back to the blind.

"He was after a minnow," Pitcher said.

"He's still in there, too. Can you get the boat any closer?" I asked.

Dotterer shook his head. "We're on the bottom right now. If you want that fish, you're going to have to go in the water after him."

"I can think of places I'd rather wade. However . . ."

I slipped over the side and sank about two feet in the heavy black muck. Although the footing improved when I got further into the grass, where something like a rug of dead vegetation had formed through the years. Bubbles of gas were released with each step and rolled up inside my trouser legs, bursting coldly in the vicinity of my knees. I finally gained a slippery perch on a buildup of land between two fingers of water about 20 yards from the blind. It was not a long cast to where we had seen the fish, but since I was using a big hairbody fly tied on a 10 hook, there was considerable wind resistance and I had to make a number of false casts before I could let the fly settle in the shadows of the blind. The fish struck immediately. What unequalled pleasure there is in the surface strike of a big fish. It made straight for the grass, and if I had been using spinning tackle I would have lost it. But a good fly rod can exert merciless pressure at the same time it is absorbing pressure from the fish. Toward the end I lost my uneasy foothold and the striped and I rolled around in the mud together for a few miserable seconds. Even so, I managed to lift it high enough above my head for Pitcher and Dotterer to see. It weighed better than 10 pounds.

"A hell of a bass!" I said. "That's Grendel."

"Who?"

"Never mind."

END

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GG51

You can't hold those linebackers

Penn State beat Maryland the way it does most teams, with Big D

Memo to the NCAA, if you want to find out why Penn State has the nation's best record over the past 10 years, check the linebackers. Coach Joe Paterno has been using the same four guys since 1966. The reason you haven't been aware of it is that over the years they've used aliases—Dennis Onkotz, Jack Ham, John Skruppan and Ed O'Neil are just a few—but around secluded University Park, Pa. they are always known as Fritz, Hero, Mike and Backer. Hero and Fritz are outside men. When they come bearing down on a quarterback, it's a blitz. Backer and Mike operate from the inside and their charge is known as the blow.

Last week in College Park, Md. the four linebackers were blitzing and blowing all over the field, causing and recovering fumbles, intercepting passes and making tackles. And the Nittany Lions needed all of it, plus three field goals by Chris Bahr, to edge Maryland 15-13, their eighth victory in nine games.

The Lions have turned out five All-America linebackers since 1968 and there are nine former Nittany players playing that position in the NFL. Penn State linebackers, like Southern Cal tailbacks, Ohio State fullbacks and Alabama quarterbacks, are to college football what Detroit is to the internal combustion engine. The best of the current collegians is 6' 2½", 232-pound Greg (Backer) Buttle, a champion rower in the summer, a barbershop-quartet singer on Wednesday nights and, on Saturday afternoon, "as good a linebacker as we've ever had," in Paterno's opinion. Which counts. Except for his membership in the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartets, he is cut from the Penn

State mold, big, fast, strong, tough and smart. And like most of the others, he played a different position in high school. Ham, for instance, was an offensive guard who got the last scholarship Paterno offered in 1967, while O'Neil was a quarterback and Skruppan, like Buttle, a receiver. As for Buttle's musical talent, that came from his mother. His father is an FBI agent, but Buttle says, "my job is more dangerous."

Buttle and the other three—Jim (Mike) Roscerans, Kurt (Fritz) Allerman and Ron (Hero) Hosteller and, indeed, the entire Penn State defense, were at their daring best Saturday, coming up with the plays that held off Maryland and set up two of Bahr's three field goals. Earlier Paterno had said he was looking for just that kind of performance. "The only thing that's keeping this defense from being as good as the one we had in 1969," he said, "is its failure to make the big plays."

Against Maryland, the defenders were quick to produce. Figuring that the Terrapins might be unsettled in the early moments, Paterno told Buttle and his other captains to kick off if they won the opening toss. They did, and within minutes the Lions got these results:

On the third play from scrimmage Roscerans forced a fumble, setting up Bahr's first field goal, a 37-yarder.

Shortly after that, Allerman recovered a fumbled handoff and Bahr hit another from 44 yards out.

To the record Maryland crowd of 58,973 these errors were all too familiar, since they break out like a rash every time the Terrapins play an important non-conference game. But more would follow. In the second quarter a clipping penalty wiped out a 55-yard Maryland punt return for a touchdown and another fumble stopped a scoring bid at the Lion 35. In the third period Roscerans tipped a pass that Buttle intercepted at the nine and, finally, in the fourth, a measly 22-yard Maryland punt set up Bahr's winning 40-yard field goal.

Since Jerry Claiborne's arrival at Maryland in 1972, the Terrapins have gotten fat on Atlantic Coast Conference competition and independents like Villanova and Syracuse while floundering against the quality teams. Even before Saturday's game, Maryland had lost three times to Penn State and six meetings with Southeastern Conference clubs, two of those in bowl appearances. This

consistent failure has brought criticism from the Washington press, caused self-doubt among the players and obscured the otherwise impressive accomplishments of Claiborne's brief tenure.

Sitting outside the practice field the day before the game, Claiborne talked about the "stigma" his team bears. "Mistakes have killed us," he said, "but I'm not like my wife. She says so many bad things have happened that maybe we're not supposed to win these games."

Still, Maryland very nearly managed a victory against Penn State despite the errors. Entering the game in the second quarter after a six-week injury layoff, Quarterback Mark Manges had the Terrapins ahead 13-12 six minutes into the second half. Clapping, slapping and jumping up and down, he was determined to satisfy the one ambition he had in choosing Maryland instead of Penn State when he was a high school senior: he wanted to play for a team that beat the Lions, not because of any animosity but because "they have so much class." Manges' fury had Paterno worried on the sidelines. "I thought they were going to run us out for a while," he said later.

After Penn State recovered and went ahead on Bahr's third field goal with 7:36 remaining, Manges rallied his team again



A MOUNTAIN-SIZE EFFORT BY BUTTLE

with two passes that gave Mike Sochko a field-goal opportunity at the 32 with 15 seconds left. It was a straight-ahead chance at the closed end of the Byrd Stadium horseshoe. Make it and Maryland wins. Miss it and, as Claiborne would predict later, "The papers will say 'Maryland Blows Another Big One.'"

The kick swerved off to the right. "I thought it would be like practice," Manges said. "I just knew it was going to go through so I was getting ready for an outburst."

Instead, the victory, and the outburst, were Penn State's. As even the narrow early-season loss to Ohio State proved, the Lions always do well in big games. It comes with tradition and experience and marvelous linebackers like Fritz, Hero, Backer and Mike.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

SOUTH

He who scores first usually laughs last, but Florida, Alabama and Kentucky were almost too scared to smile even though they were Southeastern Conference winners. And then there was LSU, which took a 10-7 lead over Mississippi and went on to lose 17-13.

Florida led Auburn 14-0, but needed a 10-point surge in the final period to win 31-14 after the Tigers had made it 21-14. Quarterback Jimmy DuBose went over the 1,000-yard mark by gaining 149 yards, and Quarterback Jimmy Fisher threw two touchdown passes.

Alabama plodded 76 yards to a touchdown the second time it had the ball against Mississippi State and held its 7-0 lead until late in the first half. Then, with three minutes to go, the Bulldogs snarled back. Middle Guard Harvey Hall picked off an Alabama pitchout and went 45 yards for a TD. Two minutes later the Bulldogs took a 10-7 lead on a field goal. Properly shaken, the Crimson Tide scored twice to win 21-10, regaining the lead when Defensive Back Tyrone King scampered 26 yards with an interception. Florida and Alabama (both 4-0) continue to share first place in the SEC standings.

Tulane kept Kentucky edgewise as Buddy Gilbert gained 265 yards through the air. But the Wildcat defense set up two touchdowns and a field goal, intercepting a pass and recovering two Green Wave fumbles as Kentucky prevailed 23-10.

Mississippi overhauled LSU when Coach Ken Cooper disdained going for a field goal and a 13-13 tie. Instead, he had his Rebels

go for broke on fourth-and-two and they came through with a 16-yard scoring pass from Tim Ellis to Michael Sweet in the final 42 seconds.

Tennessee knocked off Colorado State 28-7 as Randy Wallace teamed up with End John Yarbrough on two touchdown passes. Georgia beat stubborn Richmond 28-24 and Georgia Tech decked Duke 21-6.

1. **Alabama (7-1)**

2. **Florida (7-1)** 3. **Georgia (8-2)**

WEST

California Coach Mike White and his Washington counterpart, Don James, went gambling last Saturday and the two high rollers got the numbers they wanted: Golden Bears 28, USC 14 and Huskies 17, UCLA 13. As a result of the upsets, California (4-1) took the lead in the Pacific Eight race, with Washington, USC, UCLA and Stanford (all 1-1) bunched in second.

The day before he faced California, USC's John McKay confirmed rumors that he would join the pro ranks next season as coach of the Tampa Bay Buccaneers, one of two new NFL teams. As for Mike White, he is just beginning to enjoy life in the Pacific Eight in this, his fourth year at Cal.

White decided to gamble by stunting and stacking his defense against USC, daring the Trojans to pass. It paid off: the Trojans completed just three of 11 for 44 yards and Rocky Bell was held to 121 yards rushing. White also gambled that his offense, tops in the nation with a 437.9-yards-per-game average, would be able to move against USC, the Pacific leader in defense.

What his offense did was just plain gambol, rolling up a total of 477 yards. Joe Roth zeroed in with his passes, completing 19 of 31 for 244 yards and two touchdowns. Split End Steve Rivera latched on to nine passes for 131 yards. Chuck Muncie was excellent as he accumulated 205 yards despite a bum ankle. And the defense stopped USC on fourth-and-goal at the one-yard line in the last few seconds of the first half.

When the final gun sounded Muncie, bad ankle and all, made one last dash across the field to shake McKay's hand, perhaps suspecting he had impressed him enough to be drafted by Tampa Bay, which should get one of the NFL's first two picks.

Don James, who is in his first year at Washington, also gambled on defense, setting his outside linebackers exceptionally wide to contain UCLA Quarterback John Sciarra. That made the Huskies vulnerable up the middle, but they buttoned up when they had to, thanks largely to Weak Safety Al Burleson, who was ever-present, getting in on nine tackles, seven of them unassisted. Eleven penalties for 104 yards also hampered the frustrated Bruins.

More than anything, though, it was the

running of 6' 5", 250-pound Fullback Robin Earl that shattered the Bruins. Earl earned the ball 27 times, never once lost an inch and wound up with 169 yards. On his most devastating jaunt he blasted through the right side in the second period, bowled over would-be tacklers and went 56 yards. James Anderson, who scored both Washington touchdowns and ran for 84 yards, wrapped it up by catching a three-yard TD pass.

Following a 28-22 loss to Stanford, Oregon State Coach Dee Andros announced he would retire at the end of the season, his 11th at the helm of the Beavers. But there was joy for Oregon, which overcame a 14-3 halftime deficit to trim Washington State 26-14. Stan Woodfill kicked field goals of 44, 33, 23 and 33 yards for the Ducks, who won their first conference game in 15 outings dating back to 1973.

Utah had to hand it to Arizona State's defenders. Well, the Utes did not have to hand it to them, it just seemed they did as the Sun Devils intercepted nine Utah passes en route to a 40-14 victory that kept them atop the Western AC.

Arizona throttled Brigham Young 36-20 to move into a tie for second with Colorado State in the WAC. Theopelis Bell caught scoring passes of 24 and 23 yards from Bruce Hill and set up two other Wildcat scores with kickoff returns of 65 and 71 yards.

Dave Lawson of Air Force broke the national career record for points by kicking with four field goals and three PATs in a 33-3 conquest of Army. In raising his point total to 224, Lawson helped the Falcons end a 12-game winless streak.

San Diego State, the country's most prolific passing team, stopped Pacific 31-12. Craig Penrose completing 25 of 31 for 280 yards. Penrose came within one of tying the NCAA mark for consecutive completions, hitting 14 straight.

1. **Arizona State (8-2)**

2. **USC (7-1)** 3. **San Diego State (8-0)**

SOUTHWEST

Southern Methodist, a three-touchdown underdog, tried to horn in on Texas. With Wayne Morris rambling for 202 yards to pass Alvin Mason as SMU's alltime rushing leader, the Mustangs outgained the Longhorns on the ground 351 yards to 245. SMU even took a 7-0 lead before Texas geared up for a 30-22 victory. Bringing the Longhorns back were field goals of 52, 48 and 36 yards by freshman Russell Erxleben, and 160 yards rushing and two touchdowns by Earl Campbell. In winning, Texas gained a half-game edge in the Southwest Conference over idle Texas A&M, which, because of a TV-requested schedule change, will face Arkansas in a season-ending contest on Dec. 6.

Neither rain nor muck nor the Rice defenders could stop the Texas Tech passing

continued

celebration of Tommy Dunnen to Sylvester Brown. Squashing along the soggy turf and reaching between mudraps late in the third quarter, Brown hauled in a 12-yard toss from Dunnen and then slid and slithered the remaining 40 yards for Tech's final score in a 28-24 win. Halfback Cleveland Franklin gained 190 yards as Baylor handed TCU its 18th loss in a row, 24-6.

1. Texas A&M (7-0)

2. Texas (7-1) 3. Arkansas (6-2)

MIDWEST

Minutes before taking on Ohio State, Indiana Coach Lee Corso said, "I've been coaching offense all week. I think I can beat George Hall [the Buckeyes' defensive coordinator], but I can't beat that other guy [Coach Woody Hayes]. I've got just one objective: score two touchdowns. Nobody's done that on Ohio State this year."

It seemed like just another stream of words from the Inquisitor. Corso is the Buckeyes' forged a 17-0 halftime advantage. Ohio State took the second-half kickoff, gained 11 yards on its first play—and for the rest of the third period picked up just 11 yards in 12 tries. While the Buckeyes stumbled, the Hoosiers mangled, driving 50 and 90 yards for third-period touchdowns that brought them up to 17-14.

"Our jukes were flowing, man," Corso said after the game. In the fourth quarter, though, Ohio State shut off the flow, held Indiana to minus two yards and pulled away to a 24-14 win. For the 29th game in a row, Archie Griffin went over the 100-yard mark, zipping and darting for 150 yards. Fullback Pete Johnson picked up another 150 yards and scored his 19th touchdown. The top Indiana game was Fullback Rick Eves, who got both Hoosier touchdowns and tacked up 148 yards on the ground.

Michigan remained tied with Ohio State for the Big Ten lead by putting down peppy Minnesota 28-21. After trailing 21-7 the Gophers knotted the score at 21-21. Tony Dunny, who had a 17-for-31 day, tossed a 14-yard scoring strike to Ron Kuller to cut the Wolverine margin to 21-14 and Buddy Holmes tied it up with a 16-yard TD run in the third period. But midway through the final quarter, Michigan's Gordon Bell capped his 172-yard performance by sporting 23 yards for the game-winning points.

Other Big Ten winners were Wisconsin over Illinois 18-9, Purdue over Michigan State 20-10 and Iowa over Northwestern 24-21. Billy Marek surprised Alan Ameche as the Badgers' all-time top rusher, his 189 yards raising his total to 3,750. Almost all of the Badgermakers' rushing yardage was compiled by Scott Dreiling (149) and Mike Pruitt (120). The Hawkeyes won on a 22-yard Butch Caldwell-to-Bill Schulz pass with 40 seconds to go.

Everybody knows Oklahoma about uses

a "base" play on its first play from scrimmage, a line-testing, crunching run to probe the opposition. So when Assistant Coach Glen Hall ordered the Sooners to lead off against Oklahoma State with an end around, it caught everybody by surprise. Even the Sooners. "If everyone came up with a blank look in the huddle," said Guard Terry Webb. But an end around it was, and Tinker Owens gained 18 yards. Four plays and 43 yards later Oklahoma was in the end zone and on its way to a 27-7 victory. The Sooners won largely because the Cowboys did what everybody knew they could ill afford to do, turn the ball over; they lost three fumbles and were intercepted twice.

Hall had a few closing comments. "I think we'll be loosening it up more, going for the big play more the rest of the season. That'll make the fans happy."

While Nebraska was beating Missouri (page 40) to stay tied with Oklahoma for the Big Eight lead, Colorado struggled and Kan-

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Chuck Muner, California's 6'4", 220-pound senior running back, who wears gloves on the field, gained 143 yards on 18 carries and added another 62 on five pass receptions in the Golden Bears' 28-14 upset of USC.

DEFENSE: Wisconsin's Ken Dixon, a 6'1", 190-pound freshman playing his first game, turned Illinois by stealing three passes, making eight solo tackles and breaking up two passes, one in the Illinois zone, in the Badgers' 18-9 win.

was frolicked to league wins. The Buffaloes scored three times in the second half against Iowa State. Fullback Terry Kunz, who ran for 187 yards, put Colorado on front 28-21 with a three-yard plunge with 2:11 left. The Cyclones, however, mounted an assault of their own, but came up 28-27 losers when their last-ditch two-point conversion try failed. Kansas topped Kansas State 28-0 for its 400th victory in amassing a whopping total of 516 yards; the Jayhawks got off a remarkable 94 plays.

Defensive Tackle Jeff Weston and Linebacker Tom Eastman were instrumental in Notre Dame's 31-10 stifling of Nixy. Among other feats, Weston worked over Middle back carriers like so many tackling dummies, recovered a fumble and ran back an intercepted pass 53 yards for a touchdown. Notre Dame finished its final TD after Eastman returned an interception to the Nixy five-yard line. About all the Middlebs could be thankful for was that Notre Dame had no one named Northon or Southman.

1. Oklahoma (8-0)

2. Ohio State (8-0) 3. Nebraska (8-0)

EAST With Bob Haygood laid up with a hip injury, Pitt had to go against Syracuse with second-string Quarterback Matt Cavanaugh. Some second-stringer Cavanaugh threw only nine passes, but six were completed, three for touchdowns. And then there was Tony Dorsett. In the first half the junior tailback ran 73 yards for a touchdown and gained 118 yards. All told, Dorsett gained 158 yards in 28 carries to surpass the 1,000-yard mark for the third straight season. Then, too, there was Dorsett's sophomore running mate, Elliott Walker, who rushed for another 91 yards in 17 carries. It all added up to a 38-0 score, the worst home defeat suffered by the Syracuse Orangemen in 35 years.

Unlike Pitt, Penn was unable to find a capable replacement for an injured player. With Jack Wisard, the No. 2 all-purpose runner on the country, sidelined, the Quakers lost to Harvard 21-3. By winning, the Crimson remained undefeated in the Ivy League with a 4-0 record. Holding on to second was Brown (3-0-1), which built a 17-0 lead over Princeton and then had to battle to win 24-16. Yale overcame Dartmouth 16-14 on the game's last play, Randy Carter booting a 47-yard field goal, his third three-pointer of the game. Doug Jackson of Columbia and Tim LaBarre of Cornell both scored three touchdowns, but it was the Lions who stiffened their defenses and prevailed 42-19, their first victory of the season.

West Virginia scored three quick touchdowns in the fourth quarter to break open a 17-13 contest and defeat Kent State 38-13. Mountaineer Tailback Artie Owens ran for 171 yards in 22 carries and forced for one of the late scores.

With 1:20 to play, North Carolina State trailed South Carolina 21-20 and had the ball on its own 35. Quarterback Dave Buckley completed two passes and freshman Hallback Ted Brown gained the last of his 168 yards on a 28-yard dash in the gamecock two. Two plays later fullback Timmy Johnson hurried into the end zone and State had a 28-21 win.

John Zeginski scored three touchdowns as Wake Forest defeated North Carolina 28-9 in an Atlantic Coast Conference tussle.

With Mike Koszyk completing 11 of 13 passes and scoring on two short runs, Boston College squared its record at 4-4 with a 21-7 triumph over Miami, which is now 1-5. Once-beaten I-chug brushed off Colgate 38-6, and Rutgers yielded only 93 yards as it outmanned Connecticut 35-8. Perhaps the week's most happy winners were those from Swarthmore, whose 16-12 victory over Muhlenberg ended a 14-game, five-year losing streak.

1. Penn State (8-1)

2. West Virginia (8-2) 3. Pittsburgh (8-2)

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Judging from the ferocity of the attack and the clinical manner in which the victor had disposed of his victim, the freshman from Fairleigh Dickinson University was no ordinary college wrestler. His unfortunate opponent had been taken down by a move that resembled a body slam and been pinned before he knew what had hit him. While the poor fellow was being peeled off the mat one of his teammates walked over to the winner and asked, "Do you by any chance also play judo?"

Clyde Worthen, a fourth-degree black belt who decided to go back to school at the age of 30 when Fairleigh Dickinson offered him a wrestling scholarship, was forced to admit that he did know an *uchimata* or two. "But I didn't tell him how much judo I had played," Worthen says. "This entire business of using a judo black belt in college wrestling had been a little unfair as it was."

Some other items that Worthen omitted from his biography that afternoon were his six years of international competition in a combat sport very similar to wrestling; his three second-place finishes in the U.S. National Judo Championships; his 10 consecutive New Jersey titles and, oh yes, his six children, all of whom play judo. Worthen's wife Rose Mary holds a brown belt, and there have been evenings when all eight members of the family worked out together at a YMCA near their home in New Milford, N.J., 11 miles northwest of New York City.

A sophomore at Fairleigh Dickinson this year, Worthen was one of 12 players who represented the U.S. at the world judo championships in Vienna two weeks ago. And although he was eliminated in the first round of the 176-pound division, a rather typical result when American judoists play on the international level, merely being selected to compete in Vienna was quite an accomplishment for Worthen, whose high school athletic career was one of New Jersey's most undistinguished. "You might say I was a

late bloomer," he says. "I tried out for every team there was at Linden High and finally made the track squad my senior year because nobody else could pole-vault 10 feet."

Worthen married his high school sweetheart shortly after graduation and went to work as a butcher at a store called Meat City before taking up judo in 1964. He was looking for diversion, but his instructor was a fifth-degree black belt from Japan who saw considerable potential in his new pupil. Worthen quickly caught judo fever. In 1969 he finished higher than any other American in the World Games at Mexico City. That same year he and his wife were divorced after seven years of marriage and two children, and a short time later Worthen married Rose Mary, a young widow with four kids of her own. Where had they met? At a judo class, of course.

Just satisfying the athletic needs of this real-life Brady Bunch would be a financial burden for a father with a seat on the Stock Exchange. But Worthen has not had a full-time job since he began playing judo. When several universities offered him wrestling scholarships last year because of his abilities in judo, he and Rose Mary decided that being paid to get an education was the smartest thing an amateur athlete with a family of six could do.

"Kentucky and Florida offered me full rides but we couldn't see moving and taking the kids away from their friends," Worthen says. "When Fairleigh Dickinson said they could pay me \$200 a semester, I accepted. I would wrestle Monmouth State at 167 pounds on Friday night, and then gorge myself for 24 hours so I could get up to 176 to play in an AAU judo meet Saturday night. This year I'm on a full scholarship."

That Worthen, the late bloomer with the big family, should have selected Fairleigh Dickinson over its more illustrious competitors seems almost too fitting. A private university built on four sites in New Jersey, FDU also has campuses in

the Virgin Islands and at a 13th century abbey in Wroxton, England. Called "Fairly Ridiculous" by many Jerseyites, the school also seems to be a haven for every offbeat athlete in the East.

In the past three years FDU has fielded the following lineup: a 46-year-old wide receiver in football, a 43-year-old priest who played center on the Knights hockey team, a one-armed soccer player and a one-armed fencer, a baseball player who made hand grenades in a bomb factory during the summer, another baseballer who did yoga in the on-deck circle to relax, a boxer who was once a bodyguard for the Beatles, and a cross-country runner who lost an inch in height from 5'5½" to 5'4½" during his college career.

Among FDU's odd collection of ath-

—continued



WORTHEN IS HIS SPORT'S JOE FRAZIER

letes, Worthen is by far the best. In 1969, when the judo national championships still were open to foreign competitors, he placed higher than any American in his class, losing only to a Japanese collegiate champion who won the U.S. title for a third time. At the 1971 nationals he again came in second, this time behind an 18-year-old high school whiz from Chicago named Irwin Cohen. And four years later Worthen proved his staying power and unfortunately his consistently bad luck—by losing to Cohen's younger brother Steve.

Steve Cohen, 19, probably is the man Worthen ultimately will have to beat in order to qualify for next year's Olympic Games in Montreal. But winning a medal will not be easy for either of them. The Japanese have never lost a gold in the 176-pound class. Cohen, who also represented the U.S. in Vienna and caused a stir by winning two bouts, and Worthen are so evenly matched that their six-minute bout to determine who would represent the U.S. in the Pan-Am Games

ended with only 10 seconds remaining, when Cohen won with an armlock. Cohen is fast and graceful, just the opposite of Worthen, who plays a Joe Frazier role to Cohen's Ali.

"Those three second-place finishes in the nationals are a continuing source of frustration to me," Worthen says. "I am only 1 and 3 against Cohen so far, but I've been working toward the Olympics for 11 years and I feel I'm about to clamp down on all these technique players."

One of those so-called "technique players" whom Worthen has been working on is his stepson Tom, 13, who recently has become a trifle too defensive in his play. Last year he won the state age-group title. Tom's younger brother Kevin, 11, cannot decide which sport he likes best among soccer, baseball and judo. Worthen's children from his first marriage live with their mother, but spend as many weekends as possible with their second family. Zinera, 12, participates in both gymnastics and judo, and her brother Tony is one of the better

9-year-old judo players in the area.

"They're no different from my real brothers and sister," says Tom, who probably spends the most time with Worthen. On Monday evenings Clyde does not get home from training in New York until past Tom's bedtime, but Tuesday is a big night for stepfather and son at the Cranford Judo and Karate Center, where Worthen learned his judo from Yoshisada Yonezuka. On most Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights (Clyde works at the APA Trucking Co. on Thursdays) the Worthens serve their judo family-style at the Central Bergen Y.

"Of course, a lot of people say, 'What is this 31-year-old guy doing running around playing games when he has a family to feed?'" says Worthen. "Well, we've managed. I just tell them that I'm in my second childhood. After all, when I made the honor roll at Fairleigh Dickinson last semester with 3.65 out of 4.0 in business management, my father did give me \$50 for a good report card." **END**

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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN AUGUST 1975

VW's new Rabbit is significant because it is a complete departure for Volkswagen, and also because it is the specific type of car that Detroit will be building in the 1980's.

The statistics speak for themselves: accommodation for four, a seventy-horsepower engine, fuel consumption of thirty-eight mpg and a weight of under two thousand pounds.

What they came up with was

"a car that doesn't have an ounce of fat, one which provides excellent operating economy, as well as performance and value."

VW's note: The 1976 EPA estimates for the standard shift model are 39 mpg on the highway, 25 mpg in the city. Your actual mileage may vary, depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment.

Volkswagen is evidently confident in its new model, because it is covered by the VW Owner's Security Blanket, which is as good as you can get.

Personally, I think that VW's Rabbit is one very good idea ahead of its time.



APRIL 1975 Popular Mechanics

The most important new import for 1975 is the VW Rabbit.

The 1800-pound Rabbit is a mechanical masterpiece. It gets up to 60 mph in about 12 seconds—giving it the edge on some V8 sub-compacts. Its hatchback design provides 24.7 cubic feet of luggage capacity with the rear seat folded.

VW got the greatest possible amount of usable interior space into the smallest possible outer shell—and an exterior with some style.

JUNE 1975 Popular Science

A totally new kind of small car, Volkswagen's Rabbit, may make things difficult for U.S. small-car makers in the coming months.

Its speed through the maneuvering courses matched or exceeded the best times of the other

test cars, and the feeling of control is ever present, even at high speed and in extreme turning tests.

Economy means light weight, small engines. VW has it now. The others have a way to go.

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MAY 1975

The winner, and not by a hare (sorry, couldn't resist). This car

does it all: it's small, light, roomy and fast, with nimble and responsive steering, ride and handling. A modern and sophisticated car with a handsome Giugiaro-designed hatchback body, the Rabbit offers one of the most space-saving mechanical layouts we've seen

yet: front-wheel drive, transverse engine and a unique, independent rear suspension featuring an integral anti-roll bar and using so little space it's remarkable.

Seats are firm in the German manner and you sit high, viewing the world through an expansive greenhouse.

The Rabbit has a solid feel and an ultramodern look to it. Best of all it is almost sinfully enjoyable to drive.

ROAD TEST

JULY 1975

The Volkswagen Rabbit should be recognized as a true worldcar; it would be as at home commuting in Los Angeles, on a ski trip in the Alps, or chasing kangaroos across Australia. It is the finest example to date of a totally integrated passenger car, useful anywhere in the world and is qualified as no other imported car of 1975 for the Road Test Engineering Award.

CAR and DRIVER

APRIL 1975

Whole populations of drivers will live for years with this car strongly impressed by its generally nimble disposition and its sensitive feel of the road through the steering wheel and

brake pedal. It slips through city traffic like a bicycle and thrives on the parking-space remnants most cars pass by. You can stuff enough groceries for a football team through the

rear hatch while the back seat folds and pivots forward out of the way. The only thing you'll need a trailer for is objects too heavy to boost across the high lift-over.



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Easy nine the hard way



He was up against the hotshots, but Jimmy Rempe outcooled them

in and put it on his recorder. It will say: "Louie, you are a dog. Louie, you can't win tonight. Bark, Louie."

And then Rempe laughed, just as they all laugh, usually with bitterness, at their image as hustlers. To a man—well, almost to a man—they regard themselves as athletes, the finest of their profession, and they find it frustrating that they have to make their living as gamblers because the tournaments are too few and usually too poorly financed.

"What's a hustler?" demanded Jersey Red, a delightful free spirit by the name of Jack Breit who now lives in Houston. "I go into a town and say, 'Hey, I'm the greatest nine-ball player in the world and if you got anybody you think can beat me you can make a bet.' Sometimes when I bankrupt a town they get a little hot, but I say, 'Look, I told you.' That cools them. We may be gamblers and we may be promoters, self-promoters, but we aren't hustlers."

And then Jersey Red and Dick Courtney, an ex-SMU tackle and Coffey's partner, got into a debate over the world's greatest promoters.

"It's got to be Billy Graham," said

Jersey Red. "He's the strongest one."

"I think Oral Roberts is right up there," said Courtney.

"Oral Roberts?" scoffed Jersey Red. "Why, Graham could give him the six, seven and eight and the break and still beat him. I once saw Graham in a little town in Texas. He had 150,000 people sitting on a hill in the rain. He said, 'Come on down.' And they all came on down and dropped some money in his bucket. Now *that's* strong."

The city of Burlington met the pool players with some trepidation, but people were quickly won over. For one thing, the perils of this particular game over regular pool would make an admirer out of most anybody. While one-pocket is the chess game of pool, and straight pool is the most dignified and the dullest, nine-ball is where the excitement is, and the action. Only

the first nine numbered balls are used, and the first eight of them are meaningless. He who sinks the nine wins. He can make the nine on the break, on a combination off another ball or by first, in order, cleaning up everything else.

"It takes courage to play," said one shooter. "You always have to be on the offense. The closer you get to the nine ball, the closer you are to winning. But at the same time, you are also closer to the other guy winning. I know guys who can make the first eight balls with great shots and then couldn't shoot the nine into a bushel basket."

There was no problem in understanding the tournament rules: win and advance, lose two games and you're out. The 80 shooters started on Thursday in a room set up in the Municipal Auditorium, an edifice built on the banks of the river in 1939 by the WPA. They went after each other around six tables in 21-game sessions, with the winner the first man to reach 11 victories.

Some of the sessions lasted only about an hour, the time it took Pete Margo to beat nine-time U.S. open champion Irving Crane. The Deacon, on opening day. Two days later, with the crowd holding at about 800 balcony sitters, Crane lost his second game, so Billy Cress, and was gone.

One by one they came to the little railroad town on the Iowa side of the Mississippi River. Mostly they were slender young men, easy and open. But when they began to play, their eyes turned to agate and their faces were carved from stone. They are the breed that has been tagged pool hustlers, and they were in Burlington last week for the \$25,000 World Nine-Ball Championship. That, plus the unofficial big-money games that went on all night in the practice room at the grand old Hotel Burlington.

Jersey Red was there, and The Deacon and Captain Hook and Baltimore Buddy. So were Fast Eddie (not Paul Newman, but Ronnie Allen) and Freddie the Beard, who showed up nicely clean-shaven. Wimpy Lassiter didn't make it, and the Machine Gun was tied up by other business in Japan, and while

The Glove had called to say he was coming, he didn't appear either.

"It was a weird phone call," said Dick Coffey, one of the tournament co-promoters. Coffey runs a family-type pool room in Galesburg, Ill. and is not familiar with many of the sport's top guns. "This voice said, 'This is The Glove and I'm on my way.'"

"Oh, Mister DeGlove?" I said.

"No, no. The Glove, and I want you to put all the loot in one big pile. I got a month and I'm leaving now to hustle my way north. I'm gonna win it all."

Somewhere en route The Glove must have dropped his \$175 entry fee because Coffey never heard from him again. Still, at final count going into the four-day, double-elimination tournament, 80 of the world's top speeds had come for a run at the \$10,000 first prize, which is the highest tournament score ever offered. St. Louie Louie even brought in his secret weapon, an inspirational tape recording cut for him by a hypnotist, he turns it on just before falling asleep.

But Jimmy Rempe, who is sometimes known as Hippie Jimmie and who really is a clean-cut 27-year-old out of Doxon City, Pa., had the answer for Louie's strategy. "What I'm going to do," Jimmy said, "is to cut my own tape, and when Louie's asleep I'm going to sneak

continued

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POOL *continued*

Saturday's play began at noon and rolled on past midnight in uninterrupted action, and the list of the twice-fallen began to grow. Gone were such top speeds as Buddy Hall, who fought a 2 1/2-hour marathon in losing, and Dallas West, this year's open champ (who may have had a premonition, he had checked out of his hotel before the match). Ousted, too, were Jersey Red and Fast Eddie and Captain Hook and clean-shaven Freddie the Beard.

As play started on Sunday, only two men remained undefeated: Rempe, by then everybody's favorite, and Mike Carrella. And only four were in the losers' bracket: St. Louis Louie Roberts, Richie Ambrose, Jim Marino and young Steve Muzak, a cool-shooting New Jersey schoolteacher who had won four straight open titles.

When the last shot was fired, at 9:42 p.m., to be precise, it was by Rempe. He drilled the nine ball into a corner pocket to clinch an 11-6 victory over Ambrose, who had fought back from his one-loss handicap. The crowd had swelled to 2,000 for the finale, and its hero could have run for mayor.

The next big outing will come in mid-February, a \$33,000 nine-ball tournament at an Oregon ski area called the Inn of the Seventh Mountain. Other plans are in the works for four more \$10,000 meets, plus a \$25,000 championship session for next year.

"When I started shooting pool back in Rochester, N.Y., I practiced 16 and 18 hours a day," said Mike Sigel, the 21-year-old Captain Hook. "I've worked hard to get where I am now, but now that I'm here, I find it's not what I thought it would be. You're one of the best, but what does it mean? Without a strong tournament tour, we'll simply never be accepted as anything but pool hustlers."

Fair enough. In fact, just about the only dissenting view, and a mild one at that, came from Chicago Freddie. Early in the week he had stepped into the lobby from the Hotel Burlington elevator, his custom pool cue broken down and fitted snugly into its black leather case. An old railroad type, in engineer's cap and bib overalls, spotted him. The aged gent eyed the case and said, "How's the pheasants hunting going?"

Chicago Freddie laughed. "Pops," he said, "this isn't for shooting pheasants. This is for shooting pigeons."

END



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Over the fence is not necessarily out

Engineers whining like Sopwith Camels, the racers skidded into the stands, onto their heads and into the hearts of California thousands as they revived an oldtime form of motorcycling madness known as speedway racing

The World Speedway Championship is a sort of motorcycle race staged in a different European country each year. The Europeans love it. When the race was held in Wrocław, 133,000 wild-eyed fans were squeezed like so many Polish sausages into a stadium built for considerably fewer. They jumped up and down on their seats and went frantic when a chap named Jiri Slezáček became the only Polish world champion in the history of the sport.

Speedway racing does not attract that kind of fanatical following in the U.S. But in Southern California—where else?—it is starting to come pretty close. Last Saturday night 12,714 wild-eyed Californians stormed into the Los Angeles Coliseum like so many American hot dogs and whooped themselves silly watching young men with steely nerves race in the National Speedway Championships, an event that turned out to be as much disaster as race.

The Speedway game hadn't played the Coliseum since 1939, when 85,000 people watched a combined rodeo and race. The sport was so popular during the Depression that in 1937 it spawned an American world champion, Jack Milne,

who is now 69 and was a partner in the promotion of Saturday's event. But Speedway racing in America faded away shortly before World War II and wasn't revived until 1968.

Played on small hometown circuits, it has caught on fast the second time around. It was bound to. The vintage Czechoslovakian motorcycles look like 1902 Sears, Roebuck mail-order bicycles and sound like Sopwith Camels, machines that can spring from zero to 60 in three seconds but have trouble getting back to zero again because they have no brakes. They smell like burning castor oil because the lubrication system circulates oil through the engine and then dribbles it on the track. At most stadiums, the track is a dirt oval about as big as a donut, and the trail of oil gets so slippery that the bikes only steer properly when they are sliding sideways. The situation calls for a racing technique whereby the rider uses his inside leg as a sort of training wheel. Except when the competition gets fierce.

It gets fierce on the dirt ovals all the time. The riders quickly figured out that one way to slow down an opponent was to jam a steel-toed boot into another

bike's spokes. Moreover, to the delight of the crowd, most of the racers think it is neat to spend as much time as possible with their front wheel flapping a couple of feet in the air. They crash so often that it is not unheard of for a standard four-man, four-lap race to have no finishers at all.

A promoter from San Clemente named Harry Osley put the Coliseum show together after seeing such things occurring on the out-of-the-way run-down tracks. In Los Angeles he added touches like wooden walls that rippled when the riders crashed into them and intermission shows featuring thriller footraces between fans. There was Captain Suckae, for one, a 250-pound giant whose spectating attire consists of black leotards and a gold lame cape. There was the Count of Speedway, a gentleman of only slightly less portly dimensions who suddenly roared in his best Shakespearean voice, "My loins are steaming!" Average speedway fans like that.

Promoter Osley also hired an announcer named Larry Huffman. Huffman is fond of riding to the races on an elephant while wearing a tuxedo and top hat. He usually treats the announcer's ta-

ronchard

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*Price includes an average of dealer's freight, destination, and taxes.



Torino shown Hardtop. With optional VNR. Dealer's price.

For about the same kind of money as a little 4-passenger foreign car you can choose a 6-passenger '76 Torino with a standard V-8, automatic transmission, power front disc brakes, power steering, steel belted radials, solid state ignition, and more.

Ford's Torino comes with the equipment people want in a 6-passenger car. Standard. You don't get hit with a lot of extras. The base sticker-price for the 2-door model pictured above: \$4,172.

So, for about the same kind of money you might spend on a little 4-passenger import (Datsun 610 2-door, \$4,169; Toyota Corona 2-door HT, \$4,324; VW 2-door Dasher \$4,512), you'll choose a really well-equipped

6-passenger car for your family in extra comfort.

Inside—about as roomy as a big car.

Check out the roominess in this table:

Front	76 4-dr Torino	76 4-dr Impala
Head Room	38.0	38.9
Leg Room	42.1	42.5
Hip Room	59.4	59.3
Shoulder Room	58.5	64.0
Rear		
Head Room	37.0	38.4
Leg Room	37.6	38.8
Hip Room	59.4	59.7
Shoulder Room	56.5	63.4

"Fewer troubles" say owners of '76.

Ford recently conducted two surveys of 1974 car owners. The first to find out about any troubles they had in 26 areas relating to mechanical dependability. The second, in six areas relating to body quality and durability.

Everything from windshield wiper operation and squeaks and rattles to engine starting and stalling. Overall a little more than a third responded to each survey. In both studies, we asked the direct question: "Have any troubles developed on your car in the last twelve months?"

A lower percentage of Torino owners reported troubles developing over the past year than did owners of Chevrolet and Satellite.



Other Ford models shown: 1976 Ford Mustang LX 1600 (shown) (shown) 261. 1976 Ford Mustang LX 1600 (shown) 261. 1976 Ford Mustang LX 1600 (shown) 261. 1976 Ford Mustang LX 1600 (shown) 261.

The closer you look,
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FORD TORINO

FORD DIVISION



ble like a trampoline as he shouts his own special sobriquets for the riders: "O K., folks, let's hear it for Wy-uld Buh-ill Codel Yaaah! How about Daae-gerr-uss Dubb Ferrell!" And so on. Until they got used to hearing him, the neighbors at the country tracks had complained about the noise created by Huffman's ebullient announcing, never mind that the machines made the whole neighborhood sound like Pearl Harbor. But the result of such shenanigans was that this raucous roundelay on wheels became the largest weekly motor sport event in the country, regularly selling out the 9,500-seat Orange County stadium at Costa Mesa. Many of the hard-core fans professed they didn't even like motorcycles.

Still, a lot of the success must be credited to the remarkable charisma of the riders. Take Shidin' Sonny Nuttier, for example. Shidin' Sonny would be more appropriately named Smilin' Sonny, for his face is highlighted by a perpetual toothy grin that would shine through an attack of rotten tomatoes. It is also a handsome face.

There is Billy Gray, who went from playing Bud on *Father Knows Best*, to a film career highlighted by having his arm torn off by the leading beast in *The Navy vs. The Night Monster*, to becoming a professional speedway racer. He's 37 now, and he was at the National Championships as a color commentator for a TV pilot film about speedway racing.

Even the villains have appeal. Most notorious are the Bast brothers, Mike and Steve, frequent targets of Bronx cheers, as well as empty beer cans and such. Steve was the 1974 national champion. Mike has won the most races every season for the past four. These hard-earned, well-deserved accomplishments unfortunately contribute less to the Bast image than incidents such as the time Steve and another rider crashed into each other at the finish line after a race. Mike, following closely behind them, dropped his bike and pounced on top of the other rider to defend brother Steve's honor. Only thing was, the other rider happened to be still tangled up under his motorcycle.

"I love it whenever one of the Bast brothers does something like that," says Oxley. "They don't realize how good they are for the gate."

Some 30,000 tons of dirt were trucked into the L.A. Coliseum to make the track. A lot of it eventually went down

the shirts of the spectators in the lower rows, who were showered by rooster tails thrown from the knobby tires of the motorcycles. Many of the fans wore wide-brimmed hats and kept their chins on their chests when the bikes roared past, and some of the better-equipped spectators brought their own Plexiglas windshields to peer through.

The bottom five rows were kept vacant as a precaution, but it almost seemed as if the seats had been reserved for the riders, since they spent so much time crashing into and flipping over the three-foot wall into the stands. The first turn was especially wicked; it was at the end of the 70-mph straight, and the soft dirt on the outside seemed to draw the bikes into the wall. "It's like a magnet," said one rider. "You turn the handlebars, but the bike just wants to keep heading into the wall. It's scary out there. You don't know when you're gonna fall off next."

Woods' hike for the third race he suddenly slumped back in a chair with a heart attack. Woods went to the grid as Schafer was being administered oxygen and crashed into the wall in the first turn. Another rider, Jim Fishback, hooked Woods' handlebars and crashed with him. Fishback flipped into the stands and landed atop a girl who had been hurrying down to the pits with Mrs. Schafer. Woods wrenched his back, the girl suffered a possible fractured leg and Fishback spent a few minutes upside down in a seat. Next on the scene was Woods' martial arts instructor, the only man Woods trusts with his oft-tweaked body, who bent Woods over at the waist and whacked him on the seat of the pants to straighten his back. As both Schafer and the girl were being carried away to the hospital, the race was restarted. This time Woods crashed into the wall around the fourth turn. Out came the martial arts in-



TREATED BY THE CROWDS AS A VILLAIN, MIKE BAST STILL EMERGED AS THE VICTOR

The special D-shaped track was about 300 yards long, almost twice as long as the Orange County setup. Still, the lap times were comparable, which means the riders were going almost twice as fast as they are accustomed to. There were 20 races altogether—each four laps, lasting less than a minute—and each of the 16 riders raced five times. The champion was to be determined on a 3-2-1-0 point system.

The crowd favorite was Rocket Rack Woods. He finished third in his first race and easily won his second after his tuner, Ed Schafer, made a gearing adjustment. But as Schafer was preparing

instructor to bend Woods back into place again. Woods eventually finished all his races, but in a rather strange posture.

Meanwhile, Mike Bast, the heavy, was walking away with the championship by winning five straight races. He had ridden flawlessly in capturing his third title in five years—despite the boogie.

"That's normal," he said later. "They just don't like me. They think I win too much."

Then he went home to his wife, who likes him. And considering that he had just won about \$8,000, she probably doesn't think he wins too much at all.

END



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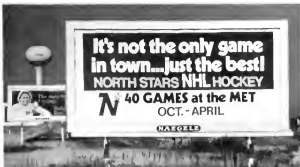
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minnesota saints

Heated signs of icy war

An interleague battle for the affections of hockey-mad Minnesotans has spilled out of the rinks and flowed into the streets of the Twin Cities.



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NORTH STARS NHL HOCKEY

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OCT. - APRIL

NAEGLI

Entrenched as they are in different leagues, the Minnesota North Stars (National Hockey League) and the Minnesota Fighting Saints (World Hockey Association) have never met on the ice. But it would be a mistake to underestimate the intensity of their fight for the affections of hockey-mad Minnesota. Pretty soon one club will probably knock the other off, unless they sink beneath the icy surface of the Mississippi River hand in hand.

Suicidal tendencies are evident enough in the history of the North Stars, who joined the NHL nine years ago with

dreams of developing into what another member of the expansion class of '67, the Philadelphia Flyers, ultimately became. The North Stars did just fine for a while, making it to Stanley Cup play five times in their first six years of existence and regularly selling out the 15,184-seat Metropolitan Center in the Minneapolis suburb of Bloomington. But bad trades and complacency have kept them out of the playoffs the last two seasons, and this year's young, relatively faceless team has a 3-7-0 record. This dismal start had Right Wing Bill Goldsworthy, the club's captain and all-time scoring leader, say-

ing in frustration, "If we're ever going to have a full house again, we've got to start winning."

But then, the Fighting Saints, who play across the Mississippi from Minneapolis in the 15,705-seat St. Paul Civic Center, are not exactly free of self-destructive impulses, either. A charter member of the 3-year-old WHA, the Saints have been a fixture in the league's playoffs, but their attendance figures have risen barely enough to stave off financial collapse. This year the Saints failed in a much-publicized bid for the services of the Boston Bruins' Bobby Orr, but enterprisingly landed a couple of crowd-pleasing veterans in Dave Keon (from the Toronto Maple Leafs) and that scrappy, grizzled onetime Bruin, Johnny McKenzie. So what has happened? The Saints not only stumbled off to a 4-4-1 start but went into a swoon the first three times they appeared before the people they need so desperately to please. "It's strange," muses McKenzie. "We seem to get upright whenever we play at home."

McKenzie has been through such struggles before. He was player-coach of the WHA's Philadelphia Blazers before that team was run out of town by the Flyers and was still on hand when the club, reincarnated as the Vancouver Blazers, suffered a similar fate at the hands of the Canucks. Philadelphia and Vancouver are among seven cities in which the NHL has ousted the WHA, which has yet to uproot the older league anywhere. The WHA's Toronto are still challenging the Maple Leafs in Toronto, but that city, too, will probably be abandoned to the NHL. Toronto players are already discussing apartment rentals in nearby Hamilton, Ontario, where the team is rumored to be heading.

All of which leaves Minnesota as the WHA's last hope for a morale-building knockout of an NHL club. But the Fighting Saints have lost \$3.5 million so far, and last week Wayne Belisle, the sixth president in the club's brief history, was anxiously seeking new capital amid talk that some of the Saints' angels were having unwholly thoughts about bailing out North Star President Walter L. Bush Jr. was also complaining of "substantial losses." No wonder that Belisle has lately been proclaiming, "It's time to get this

continued

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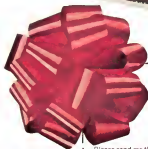
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These are just a few of the things that make the Volvo 164 what it is.

A luxury car that shows you're too smart to be impressed by a luxury car price tag. Unless an intelligently thought-out car comes attached.

VOLVO 164

The luxury car for people who think.

thing over with and find out who is boss."

It is in this spirit that the Saints, who mostly avoided such head-to-head battles in previous years, scheduled 19 home games this season on nights that the North Stars were playing across the river. The first two of these confrontations were standoffs, the Saints drawing a bigger crowd one time, the Stars the next. Another showdown occurred last Wednesday night. The Stars, before an oddly somnolent crowd of 8,335 in Bloomington, managed a rare win, shutting out one of the NHL's most recent expansion teams, the 2-year-old Kansas City Scouts, 2-0. In St. Paul, a somewhat livelier gathering of 12,210 watched the Saints lose 6-4 to the WHA expansionist Cincinnati Stingers. But the attendance figures were still inconclusive; the St. Paul numbers were swollen by a special promotion in which kids were given free Saints jackets.

The only sure thing is that 20,000-plus fans watched pro hockey in the Twin Cities on one night, a turnout that, wedged into one building, would have broken all of the sport's single-game attendance records. Chalk this up to an area hockey mania that keeps pucks flying on 40-odd rinks, the players ranging from eager-eyed Squirts to Minnesota Governor Wendell Anderson, a '56 Olympic defenseman who competes in an Oldtimers League. Then there is the University of Minnesota, which on another evening last week whipped St. Louis University 6-3 before 6,502 raucous fans. The Gophers, NCAA champions two years ago and runners-up last season, consist entirely of native Minnesotans.

For all the hockey fever, though, it is questionable whether the Twin Cities can support two big-league clubs. The estimated break-even point for the Fighting Saints is an average crowd of 10,500 for their 40 home games this season, while the North Stars need 14,000 spectators at an equal number of home games to keep their debts from piling up further. In the fight for survival, the North Stars come off as the Establishment team, both as the NHL entry and because a lot of their devotees are from such leafy Minneapolis suburbs as Edina and Wayzata. Fighting Saints fans tend to come from the blue-collar sections of St. Paul, a city that has long nursed an inferiority complex in its relations with Minneapolis. It was with suitable nose-thumbing brash-

ness, then, that the WHA club last year put up billboards practically in the shadow of the North Stars' arena, one of them reading, "WE'RE NOT THE OTHER TEAM ANYMORE. The NHL club loftily ignored this for a while, only recently responding with its own sign: IT'S NOT THE ONLY GAME IN TOWN... JUST THE BEST.

"We don't like to knock somebody else's product," says Walter Bush, plainly ruing the need for his North Stars to resort to such tactics. "We'd rather just talk about our team."

"Know why the North Stars are in trouble?" says the Saints' Belisle. "Some of their fans find it socially unacceptable to lose."

The contrast between the two clubs also is reflected in their styles of hockey. Mention the near-anonymity of the North Stars—only Goldsworthy and Center Dennis Hestall are of All-Star caliber—and all hands soberly insist the club is eschewing publicity stunts and building for the future. Retired Defense-man Ted Harris, a onetime North Star captain who toiled more recently for the Philadelphia Flyers, is the new coach and he is emphasizing deliberate, hard-checking textbook hockey with stress on shoring up the team's defense. The Stars' record would be better but for some bad luck. In the home opener against Vancouver, for example, goalie Cesare Maniago's stick snapped in two late in the game, allowing the winning goal to slip by in a 3-2 loss. "We're still optimistic," insists Harris. "We really haven't been out of any games so far." Harris was saying the same thing the other day to the man from KMSP-TV when the audio failed and left him soundlessly moving his gums, the sort of catastrophe usually associated with another Minneapolis television personality, Ted Baxter. Harris grieved, "That's the way things have been going lately."

By design, the Fighting Saints are much more flamboyant. The leading scorer, with 48 goals last season, is Mike Walton, whose idea of loosening up the team during the playoffs was to appear at a workout wearing only his skates. The addition of Keon and McKenzie gives the Saints the makings of a wide-open offense. But the suspicion lingers that the Saints have made brawling a major selling point, thanks in large part to this season's reunion of the three Carlson brothers (Jeff, Jack and Steve) who,

though wearing glasses while they play, accumulated 663 penalty minutes in various leagues last year. Such a notion is scarcely refuted by Belisle's admission that "Fans do like physical hockey. And besides, there was a feeling we weren't doing enough intimidating last year."

Maybe this facet of the Saints' game was inevitable. After all, St. Paul has always been a good fight town, as press box historians duly noted after a season-opening loss to the Cleveland Crusaders marred by seven brawls and a WHA record 46 penalties. Still, the whole subject is a bit embarrassing in light of Bobby Hull's recent one-game sidestep to protest the WHA's growing violence, and all the more so considering the presence in the Saints' lineup of Henry Boucha, who last season, while playing for the North Stars, was the loser in the notorious Dave Forbes fight (SI, Jan. 27).

The Minnesota-born Boucha is the latest of a string of North Stars wooed away by the Saints, but recent surgery on the eye damage by Forbes—Boucha's third such operation—delayed his debut until last week's Cincinnati game. He scored two goals, talking afterward not of fighting but of his old team across the river. "If we played the North Stars in a seven-game series, we'd beat them in five," he crowed.

In lieu of such a series, the competition continues at the box office. In another head-to-header Saturday night, the North Stars came alive to trounce the Pittsburgh Penguins 7-3 before 9,059 rooters, while the Fighting Saints, playing in front of 8,102, gained their first home victory by beating Phoenix 3-2 in a game enlivened by a Walton goal and two fights in the first 58 seconds. Like politicians poring over the latest opinion poll, the two clubs tried to divine the portents from the new figures. Will the Stars be extinguished? Will the Saints go marching out?

If only because of recent history, the betting has to be on the NHL club to hang on. Given his painful experiences at Philadelphia and Vancouver, it is not surprising to find Johnny McKenzie making conciliatory noises. Puffing a cigarette in the Saints' dressing room after the Cincinnati game, he said, "Minnesota's a great hockey state, and if they start winning, I think both teams can survive here." The point about the state, at least, makes sense.

END

The Lady was vulnerable

On the 50th birthday of contract, its curious inception is recollected



FRANCIS BACON ASSISTED AT THE BIRTH

The log of the S. S. *Finland*, en route from San Francisco to Havana, recorded that on the night of Oct. 31, 1925 the ship reached Balboa too late to proceed through the Panama Canal and too late for passengers to go ashore. It fails to record that of all the incidents that took place during the voyage, this was destined to be the most memorable, for the delay led to the birth of contract bridge as we know it today.

Probably no game of worldwide popularity can so clearly pinpoint the date of its origination. Whist, from which bridge descends, was first played in England during the 16th century, although not until 1742 did Edmond Hoyle of "according-to-Hoyle" fame, publish the first book about the game.

Nobody knows exactly when bridge was first played or how it got its name. Its origin is sometimes credited to Russia because of an 1886 pamphlet entitled *Biritch, or Russian Whist*, but recent research proves the game was played much earlier in Turkey and Egypt. Auction bridge followed shortly, its beginnings shrouded in a mythology that includes an account of three Englishmen stationed in India so far from a possible fourth player that they had to devise a way to play with a dummy hand.

The link between auction and contract was a variant played in France called *playfond*, but it was unsatisfactory because although successful bidders got credit toward game only for those tricks for which they had bid, the scoring rewards were entirely inadequate. Yet it was a game of *playfond* played aboard the *Finland* that Halloween in 1925 that led to today's contract bridge. Francis Bacon III, a 76-year-old retired New York stockbroker, was a participant in the game. Here is his recollection of what happened:

"I am, unfortunately, the only survivor of the quartet which played the first game of modern contract bridge en route from the Panama Canal to Havana. My companions were Harold S. Vanderbilt, our host and the inventor of this game,

Dudley Pickman Jr., his classmate and clubmate at Harvard, and Frederic S. Allen. Although it was enjoyable, I will not describe the time we spent riding by rail to the West Coast in a private car, motoring from San Francisco to Los Angeles with some attractive stops along the way and cruising south on the S. S. *Finland*, because only one incident on this trip was pertinent.

"One evening on board we tried the French contract game called *playfond* and found it dull. When we reached the Canal we were so late we were denied landing privileges until the next morning. Freddy Allen and I had anticipated an enjoyable evening investigating night life on shore, so we drowned our sorrows with some extras at the bar where we met a fellow passenger engaged in the same pursuit. This lady was not bashful in asking whether she could join our game after dinner. Dudley, the weakest player, was happy to bow out, so we soon found that we had as our fourth a person determined to take complete charge, much to Mike Vanderbilt's annoyance, and show us a game she claimed she had played in China with her brother, a representative of some large oil company. The rules of this game were crazy, the scoring very high except below the line, and penalties for failure of a contract when doubled were way out of line with corresponding rewards. How much she invented on the spot, spurred on by a high alcoholic intake, and how much, if any, she remembered from her alleged games in China we will never know. She did make one lasting contribution, however, which was her use of the word *vulnerable* to describe the partnership that has made one game toward rubber.

"The next day I was mulling over this strange evening and wondering whether she had not opened a facet which could convert *playfond* from a dull to an interesting game. Of course, it was Harold Vanderbilt who came up with the answer. By evening he had worked out a mathematically sound scoring system, which remains virtually unchanged today. His scheme included bonuses for slams, heavy penalties for overbidding, especially by a side that was—there you have it—vulnerable. He launched a game which was great fun to play and whose popularity spread like a forest fire in a high wind when he introduced it to the Whist Club on his return to New York."

Vanderbilt's achievement came as no surprise to those comparatively few big-wigs of auction bridge who knew of his skill. For 10 years, until the sensational and still unsolved slaying of J. B. Elwell in 1920, Vanderbilt and Elwell were the strongest auction partnership in America. Vanderbilt was considered an amateur because he did not need to make a living from the game, and the top pros with whom he preferred to compete never for a moment thought that he had invented contract as a more generous vehicle for distributing some of his millions to them. Whatever the stakes, Vanderbilt hated to lose and seldom did. Oswald Jacoby once paid him a rueful compliment: "The son of a gun plays as if he were broke."

Unfortunately, there is no record of any of the hands played aboard the *Finland*, but here is another, later hand which Vanderbilt viewed with pride. It illustrates the value of his club convention—the artificial opening bid of one club with a strong hand, later added by the Italians to the methods that launched their long string of world championships. This hand was unique:

WEST	EAST
Spade A 8 4 3	Spade 7 3
Heart A K Q 5 2	Heart 6
Diamond A 10 9 6	Diamond 4 3
Club void	Club A K Q J 10 5 3 2
VANDERBILT	VON ZEDTOWITZ
1 Club	3 Clubs
3 Hearts	5 Clubs
7 Clubs	Pass

The opening club was strong and artificial. Three clubs by Waldemar von Zedtwitz, Vanderbilt's favorite contract partner, showed a solid suit of at least five-card length; if only five long, it promised at least an outside king. When von Zedtwitz jumped again over the three-heart bid, Vanderbilt reasoned that since four clubs would have been the rebid with a six-card suit, his partner must be showing a supersolid suit of seven- or eight-card length. Had Vanderbilt held a single club he would have bid the grand slam in no trump. But guarding against the possibility that partner might have no side entry, he bid the grand slam in clubs, playing as declarer in a suit in which he was void.

It was a rare bid, but then, as Francis Bacon reminds us, Vanderbilt was indeed a rare man. **END**

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A MARVEL, A MADNESS

The rookeries of the Pribilofs are a wondrous bedlam, seals birthing and hissing and cramming the beaches. But the true lunacy is in man's relations with these mammals, in the factors that decide their fate



The Pribilofs are the most isolated of U.S. lands, two islands—St. George and St. Paul—lying in the cold Bering Sea 200 miles north of the Aleutians. Together, they hardly cover 60 square miles, and between them are 40 miles of sea. The residents (450 on St. Paul, 180 on St. George) are the descendants of Aleut slaves. And most Pribilof islanders of middle age or older were once de facto if not de jure slaves themselves. Slaves of the U.S. *continued*

by BIL GILBERT



Mist, drizzle, torrents and blizzards pour down some 300 days a year. But winters in the Pribilofs are not exceptionally cold, sub-zero readings being uncommon. Summers, if often gloomy, are mild, with temperatures ranging between 45 and 60. Because of the wet, mild climate, St. Paul and St. George are lush, carpeted with a bright green mat of alpine-like plants. The flowers are spectacular—lupines, poppies, lousewort—splashing patches of red, blue and yellow through treeless meadows.

There are a few upland birds, but only two native mammals in the interior: the Arctic fox, which is common and very visible, and the Pribilof shrew, which is uncommon and all but invisible. A few hundred reindeer, imported in recent times, roam St. Paul. In summer, millions of seabirds—puffins, auklets, murres, cormorants, jaegers, kittiwakes—nest on the rocky perimeters of the islands. Clouds of them, like living mist, hover over the cliffs and beaches.

But these natural wonders are secondary. The marvel of the Pribilofs is the seals. For centuries the islands have served as the principal breeding, birthing and summering grounds for the northern fur seal (*Callorhinus ursinus*). About 80% of the world's northern fur seal population—1.3 million animals—gather here, most of them in rookeries on St. Paul.

Northern fur seals are nomadic. Throughout the winter they lead exclusively pelagic lives, wandering as far south as the waters of Southern California. In the spring the scattered herd begins to swim north, navigating the sea passes of the Aleutian chain and reaching the Pribilofs in ordered waves, the time of arrival determined by age and sex. In late May or early June the mature males, impressive creatures that have fed well all winter and weigh between 400 and 600 pounds, haul themselves up on the islands' rocks. When the bulls arrive their hormonal juices are flowing and they are aggressive and violent. They quarrel savagely, their jaws and teeth formidable weapons, the objective being to stake out a territory of some 200 square feet and defend it against encroachments by other males. Older bulls will occupy the same territories they held in previous summers, but they may be challenged and driven off by more vigorous animals. Generally it is the veterans, between 10 and 15 years of age, that succeed in establishing claims. These are descriptively and rightly called beachmasters. Inexperienced bulls, seven to 10 years of age, often end up stateless, hanging around favored areas, waiting for an opening and keeping beachmasters alert and provoked.

Several weeks later the pregnant females land. They are set upon by beachmasters bent on herding as many cows as possible (sometimes up to a hundred) into their territory. Usually within three days of her arrival the cow bears a pup (twins are rare). About six days later the cow is again impregnated by the harem bull; the fertility rate is between 60% and 80%. Females too young to have been bred the previous summer but receptive on their arrival land after the pregnant cows. Younger bulls often begin their careers

as beachmasters by collecting these virgin females into small harems.

Once the birthing and breeding are completed, the females suckle their offspring and then return to sea to feed. They leave the pups sprawled on the beach for a week at a time, then return for two days to nurse them and rest. This cycle is continued for three months, during which time the pups, little more than large stomachs attached to small heads and flippers, remain on land. It is a mystery how a cow finds her pup out of the thousands of seemingly identical youngsters squirming about the rocks. There is no foster-feeding. Roger Gentry, a biologist studying seal behavior on the Pribilofs, believes identification is by voice. Returning to her harem area, the cow vocalizes and so does the pup. In the babble of crying and bleating, the cow is able to locate her offspring. Whatever the method, it works. As they drag themselves up on the beaches, cows roughly but away all the other pups until they come upon their own.

The bulls linger in the rookeries for a month or so after the pups are born, continuing to defend their territories and trying to establish some internal order by snapping and bellowing at their mates and offspring. As the season progresses, cows and pups seem increasingly unimpressed by the posturing males, which appear more frenzied than frightening. The beachmasters, not having been to sea to feed since arriving on land two months earlier, are gaunt and worn down by sexual duties and social crises. In August they give up trying to exercise authority and go back for another nine months to the peace and bounty of the ocean.

While sexually mature and newborn animals are thus engaged, the migration continues. Immature bulls, 3-to-6-year-olds, arrive in late June and congregate at the edges of the rookeries in what are called bachelor hauling grounds. Immature females, 2-and-3-year-olds, beach after the young bulls, obeying, as do all the seals, some marvelous inner clock. A few yearlings of both sexes may come ashore briefly in September and October, but for the most part seals remain at sea until they are two years old. By December at the latest, all healthy seals have left the Pribilofs.

The northern fur seals followed this pattern undisturbed until 1786, when Gerasim Pribilof, a Russian adventurer, found them. Pribilof did not just stumble on the islands that now bear his name; he had been searching for them.

In the first 30 years of their occupation of the Aleutians and Alaskan littoral, the Russian fur traders, a particularly unsavory group of ex-convicts, exiles and rapacious merchants, did what right-minded fur men were doing all over North America. They massacred the native Aleuts, then enslaved, debauched and baptized the survivors. They decimated the forbearing mammals, in this instance the sea otter. While so engaged, the Russian fur men noticed that each spring the equally valuable fur seals moved north past the Aleutians and in the fall swam south. As many as possible were killed at sea, but this was a risky and only moderately profitable business. After the sea otters were elim-

inated, the Russians became more curious about where the seals went each summer. They listened attentively to Aleut legends about seal islands lying to the north whose beaches were deep in animals that could be killed easily and in great quantity.

When Pribilof raised St. George after three years of cruising the rough waters of the Bering Sea, he knew that he had found the mythic land. The herd then probably numbered close to three million. Pribilof did not stop to admire or catalog the natural wonders but simply put his sealing crew on the island and told the men he would return at the end of the season to collect them and their harvest. The first year's take was 40,000 sealskins and 2,000 otter skins plus 14,400 pounds of walrus ivory. Subsequently, the Russians colonized the islands with a group of overseers, some priests and several hundred Aleut slaves to do the heavy work. Their object was to kill as many seals as they could skin during a summer, and they kept at it until the 1830s, by which time there were so few seals left (and no otters or walrus) that the Pribilof harvest had become economically uninteresting. Then, realizing that a little more killing would eliminate the seals, the Russians shut down the operation.

The ensuing history of men and seals on the islands has followed the original boom-and-bust pattern. One constant factor has been the popularity of the rich, warm pelt of the seal. Whenever skins have been available there has been an excellent market for them. Currently, a coat of prime northern sealskin may retail for as much as \$10,000.

In 1867, the Russian czar sold Alaska, including the Pribilofs, to the United States for \$7.2 million. At the time many Americans considered this something less than a bargain, and the purchase was commonly called Seward's Folly, in recognition of and irritation with the Secretary of State who had negotiated the sale. A major excuse for the purchase was that it gave the U.S. control of the valuable seal islands, and until the beginning of the 20th century the 60 square miles of the islands were regarded and treated by federal administrators as being more important than the 550,000 square miles of Alaska.

At the time of the transfer the seal herd was once more in good shape, numbering close to 2.5 million. The Americans immediately set out to do something about this abundance. Under the active encouragement of the Treasury Department (in time Labor, Interior and Commerce were to take turns supervising the Pribilofs) private contractors moved in. The only conservation restrictions were that they should not take females or more than 100,000 animals a year from the rookeries. This quota was regularly met—and often exceeded. An equal number of animals were killed at sea by Wolf Larsen-type sealers of all nationalities, although the pelagic sealing was inefficient, since a majority of the carcasses were lost in the water. Harpooners killed anything that came within range, including nursing and

pregnant females, and this kind of hunting had an exaggerated effect on the herd.

After 40 years, roughly the same length of time as the Russian harvest, there were fewer than 200,000 seals of all ages and sexes in the Pribilof rookeries and the species was in danger of extinction. Once more brinkmanship conservation was practiced. Killing on the Pribilofs was all but halted. Also, in 1911 a treaty prohibiting pelagic sealing was signed by the U.S., Great Britain (on behalf of Canada), Japan and Russia. Though suspended during World War II, this treaty has remained in effect. The treaty endured in part because of a *quid pro quo* arrangement. Canada and Japan,

the countries that have no rookeries, were given a percentage of the skins harvested on the American- and Russian-owned islands (some of the seals summer on islets owned by the U.S.S.R.). The rookery-owning nations kept the rest of the skins and managed the herds so as to provide for a "maximum sustainable productivity." All four of the signatories agreed to do everything that was necessary to prohibit killing seals at sea and they have effectively halted the free-lance slaughter.

Responding to this protection, the seals again multiplied, and toward the end of World War II the Pribilof herd had grown to two million animals. What happened next was predictable—a lot of seals were killed and skinned. However, the rhetoric and rationalizations accompanying the

continued



killing were new, reflecting modern public relations. In 1956 federal administrators described the post-World War II situation on the Pribilofs as "unfortunate," because "the population had grown to and exceeded the estimated level for maximum sustainable productivity."

The stupid seals had not kept abreast of contemporary studies of population dynamics. In fact they had become so numerous they soon would surely be afflicted by disease, malnutrition, social unrest and other penalties administered by a cruel and capricious nature. This rationalization—that wise and kindly wildlife managers must protect lesser beasts from their reproductive excesses—is dear to the hearts of wildlife managers, in fact is a tenet of this curious profession. The we know-best line is advanced in connection with proposals to "harvest" creatures that are pests, or are more valuable dead than alive.

The natural history of the Pribilofs does not support this pitch. At the time of their discovery, there were more seals on the islands than in the two centuries since. And whenever man has let the animals alone for a few years, the seal population has begun to climb back toward the original numbers. Considering the price of seal skins, it may make no sense to allow that number of seals to romp around unskinned. However, it is, at the very least, hypocritical to contend that the size of the herd in 1786 was unfortunate for the seals themselves or that herds approaching this size violate some natural law.

Whatever the reasons, heavy harvesting of the Pribilof herd began again in 1943. During the next 25 years, under the direction of the Department of the Interior, 1.8 million skins were taken. This figure includes about 250,000 skins from females previously protected in the rookeries. By the late '60s the herd had been reduced to 1.3 million. The annual rate of kill was then cut back to about 30,000 and the killing of females again controlled.

Currently, only males of subbreeding age are harvested. They are driven inland from their bachelor hauling grounds, much as cattle or sheep are herded. In the meadows above the beaches they are first clubbed—seals have especially fragile skulls—and then stabbed through the heart. (Occasionally, persons described by federal agents as "well-intentioned do-gooders" question this method of dispatching seals. The officials keep on hand pamphlets explaining that a lot of thought and study has been given to the matter and it has been found that clubbing and stabbing is humane, the kindest and best way to get at a seal's skin.) The skins are removed and rough-dressed on the island before being shipped to a fur processor in South Carolina. The carcasses are ground up in an island factory and sold for mink food.

When the harvest was cut back and the killing of females suspended, the herd was expected to recover rapidly. This assumption was based on the sex ratio among seal pups (roughly 50:50) and the fact that a single mature harem bull will impregnate 50 or perhaps more females a season. It was assumed a lot of males existed with no reproductive or social function. These could be harvested and the population would still increase. There are now doubts about these theories.

"The expectations of the 1960s concerning population

trends have not been fulfilled," says Roger Gentry, the behaviorist employed by the Commerce Department, which has succeeded Interior as the federal seal herder. Indeed, questions about seal population dynamics prompted the government to establish a major research program. In 1973 the rookeries on St. George, which had been yielding fewer than 10,000 skins a year, were closed to killing and the researchers moved in. "The role of nonbreeding males is just one among many matters about which we are inadequately informed," says Gentry.

Ignorance and failed predictions may interest scientists but they are not subjects mentioned by Commerce Department spokesmen. The official federal line is that the "unfortunately" large herds of the '50s and '60s were, according to plan, pruned. As a result the seal population is now "stabilized." Stability has always been highly prized by bureaucrats. The formal posture of the Commerce Department is now that it has an orderly, stable herd of 1.3 million seals, it can and will go on harvesting 25,000 to 35,000 animals annually more or less to doomsday.

As often is the case, things are not so tidy nor the future so predictable as public servants imply. There are a lot of nonbiological problems threatening the Pribilofs. These unsettling factors include:

International disagreement. The four-power treaty under which the northern fur seals are protected will expire next fall, but renewal will not be pro forma. Negotiating sessions have been going on for the last six months. The difficulty is a law protecting marine mammals, passed in 1972 by the U.S. Congress. International treaties having to do with marine mammals and to which the U.S. is a party must agree in intent and language with this act. The critical section of the U.S. law states that marine mammals must be managed so as to achieve the "optimum sustainable population." The existing fur seal treaty, on the other hand, calls for management to produce the "maximum sustainable productivity" of seals. The Marine Mammal Protection Act is a piece of protectionist legislation backed by animal lovers who want no seals, or very few seals, killed, while the treaty is an agreement to control an international industry dependent upon killing seals.

Objections to rewriting the treaty so that it corresponds to the U.S. law have come principally from the Japanese who, since the '30s, have advocated an even larger seal harvest and are now pressing for the return of pelagic sealing. It is not so much that the Japanese want more seal skins as that they want more fish. Japanese commercial fishing interests believe that the seals are eating fish that otherwise would end up in trawler nets.

But it is not certain that fewer seals will assure more fish. There is no question that seals are fish predators—the fur seal herd probably gobbles about 320,000 metric tons of fish in the Bering Sea each year. But fur seals are not as hearty consumers as some other marine mammals, notably sea lions and harbor seals, which between them take about 1.2 million metric tons of fish out of the Bering Sea annually. It is quite possible that fewer fur seals would result in more and better-fed sea lions and harbor seals and a net loss in harvestable fish.

If the differences prove irreconcilable, pelagic hunting

continued

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SEALS continued

undoubtedly is sure to start up again. Nobody believes things will come to this, the presumption being that an optimum-population treaty satisfying U.S. protectionists will be signed. In fact, the Commerce Department has already produced a report claiming that an optimum-sustainable population and a maximum-yield population are more or less identical. In other words, 1.3 million, or fewer, animals is the number that is best for conservation, best for fishing interests and, of course, best for seals.

Economic uncertainty. Like diamonds, objets d'art and antiques, sealskins have remained a dependably valuable item for more than two centuries. This may continue indefinitely. However, the American market for sealskins has all but disappeared. Currently, 95% of the Pribilof skins are sold to Europeans. (Changes in fashion and pressure from the animal protection movement are responsible for the decline in popularity in the U.S.) Commerce may be promoting a stable seal herd, knowing that a harvest of 30,000 animals a year is all the market can absorb without a disastrous drop in price.

The feds have been losing money in the seal business throughout this decade. According to figures supplied by Walter Kirkness, the present administrator of the Pribilof operations, about 131,000 sealskins were taken during the last four years. For these, Commerce received \$6.2 million. During the same period Commerce paid out \$12.2 million to harvest seals and administer the Pribilofs.

Considering the size of other government enterprises, an annual loss of \$1.5 million is small potatoes, but there could come a time when Washington would fold up its seal shop and cease not only to conduct the harvest but also to protect the herd and fund further research. Yet there might be enough of a fur market to make it profitable for private entrepreneurs to move in on the herd. In this sort of a scenario it could come to pass that in order to pay for adequate protection and management of the herd, the best move an animal lover could make would be to buy a sealskin coat.

Protectionist heat. Lewis Regenstein, an ex-CIA man, is now the Washington agent of Cleveland Amory's Fund for Animals. Recently, both in person and in *The Politics of Extinction*, Regenstein has been very hot about the Pribilof seals.

continued

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And he is by no means alone in expressing concern.

"We do not claim that the fur seal is in immediate danger," says Regenstein, assuming the role of a protectionist spokesman. "But we do object to the Commerce Department propaganda that leads the public to believe that since 1911, when the herd was only 200,000 or so, there has been a steady increase up to the present 1.3 million. The facts are that there were a lot more seals 20 years ago than there are now, and the herd is so concentrated in the rookeries that it might be jeopardized very quickly by further mismanagement."

"Biologically," continues Regenstein, whose academic and practical experience has been in the field of political science, "the most alarming thing is that the animals being slaughtered are healthy, vigorous adolescents. This is the direct opposite of the natural system in which the highest mortality is among old, very young and infirm animals. If we go on culling the best of the animals, this is bound to have an adverse effect on the genetic composition of the herd."

What he characterizes as a "sweetheart" contract between Commerce and Fouke, the South Carolina fur processor, is cited by Regenstein as a major reason for what he sees as seal mismanagement. He believes that with strong backing from the South Carolina congressional delegation, Fouke not only profits inordinately from the seal harvest but has an unfortunate influence on how many seals are harvested. "We see no reason why these animals should be butchered by a public agency to supply fur coats for rich Europeans."

Regenstein says he would prefer to see no seals harvested, at least until the herd has recovered to near its original numbers. He admits that because of the international status of the animals and the threat of pelagic sealing this might present difficulties. As an alternative he suggests that the killing be reduced by 70% and that skins representing 30% of a normal harvest be turned over to the Canadians and Japanese to fulfill the provisions of the four-power convention.

Regenstein confesses that he has not given much thought to what might happen to the residents of the Pribilofs if there were no seal harvest or a very small one. "We are losing money up there with the harvest," he says. "Perhaps this mon-

ey could be used to provide some sort of assistance for the natives. There are not many people involved, as I understand it, though personally I have never visited the islands."

Restless natives. Relatively few white men have visited the islands or given much thought to the Pribilof natives. The status of the Aleuts brought to St. Paul and St. George by the Russians as outright slaves did not materially improve when the islands came under American jurisdiction. As wards of the U.S. Government the Aleut sealers worked without pay, did not vote, were given only what education was thought good for them and had virtually no freedom of movement. Nearly every Pribilof man and woman over 40 remembers what it was like in the federal colony.

"We worked for grub, salt pork, beans, rice, tea, food like that," says a 50-year-old onetime sealer, who for good reasons prefers anonymity. Call him Ivan, since Russian names and an ornate Russian Orthodox church are now the chief reminders of the former colonial status of the islands. "We went to school but just enough to learn to say, 'Yes, sir.' Now the young people learn to say, 'No, you son-of-a-bitch; to white men, but not the older ones, huh. Every Thursday a boss came around to look at the house they let us live in to see if we kept it clean and are living right. We only leave here when the boss send us someplace. How you going to buy a ticket on a boat or a plane when you work for grub?"

The impetus for change came not because the government suddenly discovered the Emancipation Proclamation but because in World War II the Japanese invaded the Aleutians. For defense purposes the Pribilofs were evacuated and the residents moved to the mainland of Alaska. "When we get out," recalls Ivan, "we see how things are, we hear about wages. When we come back the men are asking questions. The Japs were maybe good for us, huh?"

In 1950 tradition was broken and the Aleut sealers began to be paid, albeit poorly, for their work. Subsequently, such developments as Alaskan statehood, native rights and claims actions, and the fact that increasing numbers of young people go to schools on the mainland, have caused substantial changes. Nowadays the Aleuts working for the Commerce Department receive standard

pay and normal federal benefits. Islanders vote, elect local officials, are free to travel and select schools for their children.

Agafon Krukoff Jr., the city manager of St. Paul and a rising Aleut politician, says, "There is resentment about the past, how we were treated. Even the young have heard tales of these times. But resentment doesn't get things done, and right now we have a lot to do."

As a result of local native claims settlements, ownership of 95% of St. Paul and St. George will pass to the two communities within the next year. (The government will retain only the seal rookeries and installations for processing skins and carcasses.) When the transfer is completed, residents will receive title to the federal houses in which they have been living for generations. As part of the regional native claims settlements, the island communities will receive title to 204,000 acres of potential income-producing lands (minerals, fishing, grazing) on the main Aleutian chain. Finally, there is a legal action brought by the communities against the federal government seeking indemnities for losses of revenue and indignities suffered during the slave-colony days. "In court, we are thinking about resentment," says Krukoff.

Though political and social conditions have improved, the islands still suffer from being a classic "one-industry entity." A few residents are employed at a small Coast Guard station on St. Paul, where there is also the beginnings of a tourist trade. (In the summer of 1975 about 800 visitors, mostly bird watchers and photo bugs, came to the island.) There are a handful of community service jobs. However, it is the sealing industry that employs up to 175 Aleuts and makes life on the islands sustainable. Like residents of other company towns, the Pribilof communities are wary of their company—the Commerce Department.

"Some of the feds still are trying to do things the old ways, giving the people take-it-or-leave-it ultimatums," says Victor Merculief, another young Pribilof politician, presently a land planner on St. Paul. "They don't realize that we need to work things out together now."

Some thought has been given to diversifying the Pribilof economy. The most frequently discussed plan is to build a commercial fishing harbor on St. Paul, but there are many difficulties. "One of

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SEALS

our problems," says Merculief. "Is a lot of the cool heads—people finishing school on the mainland—don't come back. We aren't getting enough people to organize and run things."

For such reasons most Pribilof residents, among whom protectionist and environmentalist are bad words, are strong supporters of the sealing industry but not necessarily of its present management. "Because they have been doing it for so long, the government people don't think anybody else could take care of the seals," says Merculief. "We considered asking for the rookeries in the land-claims settlement, but we didn't because we thought this might hold up our getting the rest of the land for another 10 years. This doesn't mean it couldn't come up again."

These are the disputes, but there is one other consideration, best presented indirectly. Perfenia Plentikoff Jr. is one of those the politician Merculief was talking about. Perfenia is a muscular young man in his last year at a mainland university. He is married and, because of the big money, is going to work on the Alaska pipeline. He is not sure if he will return to live on the islands. This might be his last summer on St. Paul.

He is working among the seals as part of a biological monitoring crew. In charge is Pat Kozloff, also island-born, but now a resident of Seattle, where he works for the Commerce Department as the first professional Aleut biologist.

This particular August day is one of the rare sunny ones on St. Paul—the green, green meadows, the flowers, chills, wheeling birds, the breaking surf, all glisten and dazzle. In addition to counting seal pups, which is what the government is paying them to do, Pat and Perfenia, as a courtesy, are guiding a visitor through the seal rookeries.

In a rookery the strongest impression is of the awesome amounts of energy emanating from the tons of living flesh sprawled on shore. Great stacks of dog-faced, goggle-eyed pups are crammed into hollows on the beach, into crevices in the rocks. The piles writhe and shuffle like jars full of tadpoles. Seal pups at this age do not swim in the open water but in pools. Each little animal struggles for some space, struggles to stay on the surface of the sea of flesh.

Cows slither and waddle through the

continued



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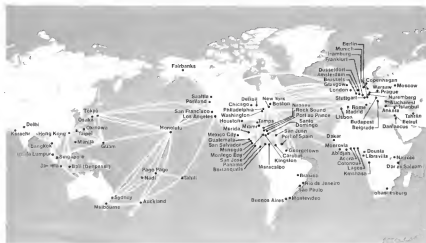
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SEALS *continued*

rookeries. Beachmasters charge about, lunging ferociously at human intruders and at their mates and offspring. The noise is deafening, like the sounds from an enormous lunatic sporting crowd. Pups bleat andretch constantly, like nauseated lambs. Cows bark, hiss and belch. Bulls roar and snarl. The stench of seawater, kelp, fish, sour milk, vomit and excrement is overpowering.

Below, mixed in with the living herd, is a kind of protein and calcium compost of dying seals, dead seals and seal skeletons. Seals die of disease, injury, and by being crushed by other seals. Frequently there will be seals that have poked their heads or flippers into a scrap of fish net lost or cut free by a commercial trawler. Once entangled, these seals are doomed either to starvation or to being cut apart by the unyielding nylon strands in their struggles to get free. Sea lions invade the rookeries and kill some pups. More pups die of starvation because their mothers, feeding at sea, are lost in storms or caught by killer whales.

Only from a distance, from the vantage point of a cliff, does the order of a rookery emerge from what at ground level seems to be bedlam. From above, the patterns are clear. A towering bull surrounded by a mat of pups and cows marks each harem area. Beyond, lounging in ordered ranks, are the bachelors. At sea, as far as the horizon, are the bobbing heads of cows going out to feed or returning to their pups. From the proper perspective, even the layer of carcasses seems appropriate, as appropriate as fallen leaves on the floor of a woodlot.

Perfena and the visitor stop on such an outlook. After a time Perfena asks, a little hesitantly, "What do you think about seals now?"

"I'm overwhelmed by the numbers," says the visitor. "It's like the rookery is one huge animal and the seals are cells in a single body. What do you think about seals? You've seen a lot more of them than I have."

"I've watched them all my life," says Perfena. "Seals are beautiful. I love them, I guess. I know they are what I'll miss most when I leave the island."

A seal rookery is a wonder of this world. Somehow it seems that there should be allowance made for this fact in the complicated diplomatic, political, economic and biological calculations being made about the Pribilof herd. **END**

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Yesterday

by GEORGE GIFE

DID THE CRASH OF A STANLEY STEAMER IN 1907 INFLUENCE U.S. FOREIGN POLICY?

It is entirely possible that a little gully on a Florida beach 68 years ago had a weighty influence on America's current foreign policy and environment. As of Jan. 25, 1907 the American people were still undecided about what kind of automobile they wanted. The industry was in its formative stages, with a variety of models on the market, including cars powered by gasoline, steam and electricity. From the beginning, the limitations of the electric automobile were all too apparent, but advocates of steam and gasoline vehicles debated, sometimes genuinely and often furiously, the merits of their favorites.

Both engines had advantages. Perfected by twin brothers, F.E. and F.O. Stanley, the steamer was a quiet and smooth-running automobile. It also was capable of extraordinary speed and acceleration. To the astonishment of a large crowd at a race in Detroit on Oct. 11, 1901, a steamer hit 30 mph and won the five- and 10-mile events. Thereafter, steamers won so regularly that they were sometimes banned from races with gasoline cars, despite the fact that competition was supposedly open to all autos of the same price range. (The ban was unofficial and inconsistent. Racing drivers had learned that Stanleys did less well when the distance was more than five miles. They were at their best in short distances.)

After establishing several speed records with their passenger machines, the Stanley brothers designed and built a car specifically for racing. Shaped like an inverted canoe, painted red and dubbed "Wogglebug" by the press, the racer made history in January 1906 by covering a mile in 28¹/₂ seconds—an average speed of 127.69 mph.

In addition to being fast, the steamer was a simple machine. "Our present car is composed of but 32 moving parts," the Stanleys said in their 1916 catalog. "which number includes front and rear wheels, steering gear, and everything

moving on the car, as well as the power plant. This is about the number of parts contained in a first-class self-starter. We use no clutch, nor gear shifts, nor fly wheels, nor carburetors, nor magneto, nor spark plugs, nor tapers, nor distributors, nor self-starters, nor any of the marvelously ingenious complications which inventors have added in order to overcome the difficulties inherent in the internal-explosive engine and adapt it to a use for which it is not normally fitted."

The Stanleys also could have stressed the nonpolluting nature of their steamer. Not only did it not foul the air with unburned hydrocarbons, but it produced little or no noise. And it was capable of using fuels, such as kerosene, alcohol, coal gas and even coal, that were much cheaper than gasoline and more readily available.

On the other hand, operation of the steamer often could be troublesome, especially before the addition as standard equipment of a condenser permitting the vehicle to re-use its water supply. Until that step was taken, steamer owners had to carry a hose with them in order to raid horse troughs every 40 or 50 miles.

The biggest problem that confronted steamer manufacturers was fear. Americans had been through nearly a century of boiler explosions on boats and locomotives, and were extremely wary of high-pressure steam systems. The fact that early steamers trailed a light vapor as they moved along, giving the impression that the vehicles were already on fire or were smoldering preparatory to a massive explosion, did not build public confidence. Nevertheless, by 1907 the steamer had become a favorite of President Teddy Roosevelt and was making steady if not spectacular headway in the safety department. So close was it to winning acceptance that even the most avid partisans of internal-combustion engines would not have dared to predict its imminent demise.

Then came the international speed trials at Ormond Beach, Fla. on Jan. 25, 1907. Expecting a new record, an unusually large crowd turned out to view such vehicles as the first Rolls-Royce entered in a U.S. race and, of course, the Wogglebug with ace driver Fred Marriott at the tiller.

Gradually warming up his car for the record run, Marriott made two dashes along a mile section of beach, the first in 32 seconds, the second in 29¹/₂, less than

a second and a half slower than his world record.

On his third run, Marriott hit the starting line at full throttle and shot up the beach. Although running against the wind, the steamer's speed was approaching 150 mph when the accident occurred. "He was nearly out of sight, being almost at the end of the mile, when the machine upset," wrote a reporter in *The New York Times*.

No one knew exactly what had happened. Those nearest the car agreed that the hood appeared to come loose—"seemingly lifted by the wind while the front wheels were so tilted upward that they did not strike the sand of the beach by several inches. . . . The tubing broke and the car was enveloped in a cloud of steam."

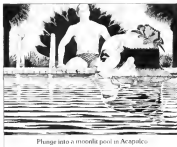
By the time spectators had raced up the beach to the scene of the accident, a Rolls-Royce had arrived and Marriott had been picked up, "his face covered with blood and lying insensible across the laps of two men in the rear seat. . . . He was found well up on the beach, while the round boiler, four or five times the size of a cheese box, was rescued rolling around in the ocean. When the car broke in two it dropped the boiler as it did Marriott. . . . The debris was thrown into two piles, over which hundreds of amateur photographers hovered like seagulls and many souvenirs were carried away. . . ."

The Stanleys later argued that a gully in the sandy beach caused the racer to rise, but they accepted blame for their flat-bottomed design, which, even if the gully was responsible for the steamer's take-off, contributed greatly to its becoming airborne.

Although Fred Marriott survived the accident by more than half a century, the American public and the Stanley brothers were greatly discouraged. The twins never again used their automobiles for racing. The public, its fear of steam propulsion revived, leaned more and more to the gasoline engine, a preference that was clearly established within a decade. Although the Stanleys continued producing cars until 1927, those ripples in the sand at Ormond Beach effectively ended their dream of a steam-powered society that might have left us today with an environment relatively free of noise and air pollution and a foreign policy less vulnerable to the pressures of oil-producing countries.

END

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

SUPERMAN

Sir:

Thank you for putting George McGinnis on the cover of your Pro Basketball Issue (Oct. 27). He deserved the honor more than any other player, even Dr. J. And Jerry Kirschbaum should be congratulated for his fine writing (*Big City Country Boy*). His article showed that McGinnis is indeed basketball's Superman. And off court he is mild-mannered Clark Kent.

JOHN SOCKER

Whiteland, Ind.

Sir:

George McGinnis will prove in the NBA exactly what he proved in the ABA: that he is without question the best forward in all of pro basketball.

PETER D. KIRLES

Indianapolis

Sir:

Congratulations, SI. I thought it would be impossible to find a writer as erroneously opinionated as Tex (NFL) Maule, but you have found him in Jerry (NBA) much tougher than the ABA) Kirschbaum. That one statement ruined an otherwise excellent article on George McGinnis.

WAYNE A. BLANNON, D.D.S.
Poway, Calif.

UP, UP—OR AWAY?

Sir:

The man who wrote in your pro basketball preview "The once-mighty Pacers will be back—probably back of everybody but Bill Musselman's San Diego Sails" is going to feel pretty foolish when Indiana wins the ABA title again this season.

STEPHEN CROSBY

Indianapolis

Sir:

As a New York Knick fan, I vehemently protest your prediction that the Knicks will endure another woeful season. I was also very upset over John Huchengarth's accompanying illustration showing the Knicks being stepped on by the other three clubs in the Atlantic Division. The Knicks have now obtained the able big man they sorely needed to catapult the club into the playoffs, Spencer Haywood.

MICHAEL MOLLOY

Brooklyn

- When the acquisition of Wilt Chamberlain seemed possible, SI and Hucheng-

garth re-estimated the Knicks' chances (see below). But at press time the deal had not been made and neither had the



one with the Seattle SuperSonics for Spencer Haywood (*The Fortune Cookie Smiled*, Nov. 3).—ED.

Sir:

You practically ignored one of the best and most exciting young players in the NBA. Where was Bob McAdoo, the man who won the scoring championship and was named Most Valuable Player just one season ago? And how could you pick the Buffalo Braves to finish behind the aging Celtics?

MARK LAVENDOOD

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Sir:

It was gratifying to see that you gave the Golden State Warriors some of the recognition they have earned. A team that was underrated and berated all last season, the Warriors made a fantasy come true. Your pictures and commentary helped reflect the excitement and fun of a good team victory.

JOHN VOLKMAN

Calistoga, Calif.

Sir:

I can only hope the season measures up to the brilliance of Curry Kirkpatrick's introductory article.

TOM BENES

West Lafayette, Ind.

FEET FIRST

Sir:

You missed one (*They're Having a Field Day*, Oct. 27). You failed to mention probably the best college placekicker in the country. So far this season Carson Long of the University of Pittsburgh is 11 for 14 on field goals and 28 for 28 on extra points, and he

either holds or has already tied all Pitt records in placekicking.

CRAIG BROWN

Cherry Hill, N.J.

Sir:

I was highly disappointed to see that you neglected a fine kicker in Temple University's Don Binterlich. Don has already 1) kicked a 56-yard field goal against Akron; 2) kicked three field goals per game in four of four games; 3) kicked 71 consecutive extra points, threatening the current NCAA record (77) for most consecutive extra points kicked in a career; and 4) kicked 15 field goals in 22 attempts (68%). In 1974 he finished second in the nation in kick scoring.

LAWRENCE J. UTTERA

Philadelphia

Sir:

You did a story on college placekickers and didn't include any mention of Dan Beaver of Illinois? Oh boy! Did you see what he did against Purdue? He broke the Big Ten record with a 57-yarder and also kicked three extra points.

JOHN W. BRANTA

Dowd Grove, Ill.

Sir:

Add the name David Jacobs, Syracuse University, to your list of field-goal kickers. This 5'7", 141-pound freshman is 10 for 19, including a 58-yarder against Boston College. Also, he had a 50-yarder against Navy, three shorter ones against Tulane in the Superdome and a 41-yarder to beat Iowa in the final 22 seconds.

LAWRENCE A. KIMBALL
Syracuse University

Syracuse

Sir:

Vanderbilt's Mark Adams led the nation in field-goal accuracy last year and this season has been responsible for all of Vandy's points in two of its four victories (9-6 and 6-3 wins over Rice and Tulane). Unlike most of the kickers you mentioned, Adams doesn't watch all the rest of the game from the sidelines. He is also a starting linebacker.

JEFF SECIAL

Gainesville, Fla.

NOT-BOVE MATERIAL

Sir:

After reading Ron Fimrite's excellent article (*Stormy Days for the Series*, Oct. 27), I am wondering whether the umpires in charge

of the World Series use the same rule book I do. Plate Umpire Larry Barnett is quoted as saying, regarding the collision between Cincinnati's Ed Armbrister and Boston Catcher Carlton Fisk: "... It is interference only when the batter intentionally gets in the way of the fielder."

Oh yeah? Rule 7.09 (1), states: "It is interference by a batter or runner when he fails to avoid a fielder who is attempting to field a batted ball..." SI's picture clearly illustrates that Armbrister "failed to avoid" Fisk. This is not even a judgment call if the rule is to be enforced as it reads.

THOMAS E. STAPLETON

Scottsdale, Ariz.

Sir:

I only hope that when the Cincinnati Reds are given their World Series rings, Umpire Larry Barnett is not overlooked.

MIKE SCHUMAN

Los Angeles

Sir:

If Carlton Fisk was actually interfered with, one of at least two things would have happened. 1) he never would have fielded the ball cleanly, which he did, or 2) he never would have gotten off any type of throw, which he also did.

Did the thought occur to anyone that Fisk's vehement displeasure was really caused by his own poor throw?

LEE LAMBERTS

Grand Rapids, Mich.

PRIME TIME

Sir:

Your editorial (SCORECARD, Oct. 27) about baseball putting itself at the mercy of TV was ridiculous. Because of the decision to play World Series Games 6 and 7 at night, more people than ever got a chance to witness two of the most exciting games in Series history. I applaud this decision and any others that help to make these events available to as many people as possible. Perhaps next year TV can negotiate to start the games at 7:30 instead of 8:30. Those late games can be murder the next morning.

BARRY R. BARTLE

Louisville

Sir:

I agree TV has much too much impact on the American public. But in the case of the World Series, I love it.

JAMES E. TINGLE

Atlanta

Sir:

I completely endorse your comments on how television has downgraded the tradition

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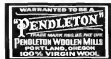


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10TH HOLE *continued*

tions of baseball. I liked the World Series better when the real fans carried around radios, caught a few innings on television and filled in the rest with reports from friends. Somehow it doesn't seem right that Fenway Park's time in the sun came at midnight.

J. C. RINEHART

Toledo

NO JUNK

Sir:

For once one of your covers was not a junk. In fact, your spring training cover (March 3) was a prophetic one. It showed not just one but five members of the Cincinnati Reds' pitching staff, and the pitcher throwing the ball was Clay Carroll, the winner in Game 7 of the World Series.

JOHN ROETTER
WILL WEIR

Wharton, Ohio

PHEASANT HUNT

Sir:

What a surprise. What a treat! Ron Rau's article *I Hunted with Success* (Oct. 20) was just what this old Kansas boy needed. It recalled super memories of past hunting trips with my father and friends. My adrenaline is flowing as I think of my plans for Nov. 8, opening day, in Kinsley, Kans. Thanks so much for this story and a chance to dream of those fields 2,000 miles away.

RICK D. UTERMOHLEN

Hayward, Calif.

Sir:

I can easily relate to Ron Rau's article as I have done the same kind of drive-buck pheasant hunting in South Dakota and Iowa. Three years ago at college in South Dakota I had the pleasure to hunt on the opening day. It was the kind of day you read about in sporting magazines. After a while the day became meaningless because the pheasants could be had so easily. I thought back on all the miles I had walked in Ohio to get even one chance at the wary bird.

Last month on a visit to my roommate's ranch for a sharp-tailed grouse hunt I couldn't help but think how much he sounded like the lieutenant. He complained, "We only got 17." Rau's last sentence summed it up perfectly.

DAN SIRLEA

Amherst, Ohio

Sir:

Please keep hunting stories out of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. Hunting is not a sport.

R. R. COLEBURN

Boulder, Colo.

Address editorial mail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, Tom & Lary Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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